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RHYMES from the RANGELAND

WESLEY BEGGS
AUTHOR



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Wesley Beggs

Rhymes from the Rangeland

Under the Sunny Blue Skies of the Western Plains,
Mountains and Foothills;

OR

Following the Long-Horned Steer on the Trail, Over the
Range, in the Stampede and the Roundup.

A Book of Western Verses

Small Edition

By WESLEY BEGGS

Or, as he is better known in the West: The Cowboy Poet

AUTHOR OF

"Away Out West Behind the Bars, or, The Shadows of the Great Stone Corral
at Deer Lodge, Montana."

In two volumes; each one complete in itself.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

Illustrations by Frank L. Philips
Engravings by Cocks-Clark Engraving Co.

1912

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Wesley Begg

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*To my wife and my children,
To the Frontier man,
To the Pioneer man, to the Cowman
and Cowboys;
To all who have traveled the great Trails
of the West, and the South,
Reaching up to the great Range Land;
This Book is Sincerely,
Respectfully and Affectionately
Dedicated by the Author.*

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE OR EXPLANATION.

I do not suppose anyone has ever written a book without first having reasons for so doing.

So I have reasons why this one should make its appearance. I do not claim but little merit for these poems. Consequently, I have no apologies to make to the public. I will say very few of them have ever been published. Quite a number have been written and handed around among the boys.

Now, I leave out many of the Cowboy phrases, or slang words, believing the book will be better and a more useful book without them.

There's verses here that's brimming full,
And some that's not so flush;
But not a word to cause your cheeks
To mantle with a blush.

A TALK WITH MY READERS

I have often picked up a book with no illustrations and no pictures of the author, and I have thought how much better and interesting it would have been with a few illustrations and a correct picture of the author.

When we read of a person we would like to know how they look. Whether tall or short, and where they were born and under what conditions and surroundings they grew up to manhood or womanhood. So, in giving this book to the world you will find quite a number of illustrations; also a correct picture of the author. They will enable you to know me better and to get better acquainted with me. Also the conditions under which these pieces were written. I was born in Franklin County, Ohio, twelve miles from the city of Columbus, the capital of the state.

My father was from the north of Ireland, born in Bally Carry, County of Antrim. My mother was of Irish descent, born in Guernsey County, Ohio. My parents came to that part of the state in an early day. They were pioneers when Ohio was, or at least that part of the state was, a vast wilderness, nothing but timber and water. My parents tried to raise their children, or family, well, which consisted of four children, two girls and two boys, I being the oldest boy. My parents were good and kind to their children. Mother was a very tender-hearted, compassionate, sympathetic woman. They had come to that part of Ohio in an early day and had struggled with poverty and hardships such as is common to a new country. It was here, in a little log cabin with a great big fireplace, I was born. My earliest recollections

are a few apple trees growing near the house and a corn-field, which came up near the cabin, and a little patch of clover where the pigs and calves and the colts were kept.

When I was small, a mere child, I had a severe attack of fever and it settled in my heart and left it in a bad condition. And when I grew large enough to work it soon began to trouble me considerable. Father took me to old Dr. Waggenhalls, one of the best physicians in the city of Columbus, and upon making an examination of my heart found it in a bad condition. He told father he thought he could help me some, but could not cure me, as I was incurable. This was very sad news to father, as I was the oldest boy and he had hoped I would be a great help to him. He wished that it might not be true and he sincerely hoped it was not. So, to satisfy himself, he took me to another eminent physician in the city. But he said the same as the other one did. Dr. Waggenhalls gave me medicine enough to last a couple of weeks and at the end of that time I was to see him again. This time my mother went with me. After some little time the doctor said the medicine had done all he expected it to do. Then mother said: "Doctor, can you cure my boy?" He answered her, "I cannot, he is incurable, though he may live to be quite old by taking good care of himself." This was too much for mother to hear—she wept bitterly. The doctor said: "Your boy must live an out-of-door life. It is no use to send him to school, an education will do him no good, confinement in a schoolroom or any other room, will only kill him. An open air life, feeding or caring for stock, is the best thing he can do."

Now, I want to say if all the doctors in the world were as honest as old Dr. Waggenhalls I would have

more faith in doctors than I have. However, I took the doctor's medicine for one year and was not allowed to take any violent exercise or do any hard work, and as I grew to be bigger and stronger my heart did not bother me so much. But I never went to school but little, and my education in the schoolroom amounts to almost nothing, though I did go to school some, as I will tell you by and by what a hard whipping I got. When I got to be about fifteen years old I was helping to build fence, making rails, swinging the cradle in the harvest fields. Also the old-fashioned reap hook or sickle. One season father, brother and I reaped eleven days, our wheat was blown down flat to the ground. But in this way we were able to save it all. I had learned that to the west of us lay the great plains of the Western world and the rocky-ribbed old mountains loomed up in all their grandeur and greatness, and I longed to go and see them. I thought of the West, I dreamed of the West, and often imagined how beautiful the great plains must be and what a contrast from the heavy timbered country. All I then knew of the world was around my childhood home and I thought that it was grand. I would look at the glistening stars and wonder if they looked the same in the Far West as they did there. I have often stood at the gate in front of the house when the golden sun was beginning to sink behind the Western hills and wondered if I would ever see the great plains and the mighty mountains that were far to the west of us. So you see I am a Western man, and now for nearly twenty-seven years I have been from that land that gave me birth. But today as I sit penning these words there comes to me a longing to return and look once more upon the scenes of my childhood and again return to the land I love, the great West. As I think of home, father, mother, brother and sisters, and the old orchard and the meadow, and the sunny days of childhood, tears start from my eyes unbidden. And I long to look upon the old spot where I first saw and knew mother and home. But alas! I would not find them there. Father

and mother sleep in mother earth. The old cabin has rotted down and I suppose not a particle of it remains today. The old lane where I used to drive the cows to and from the pasture has been changed, the old rail fence has been replaced by a wire fence. And I suppose I would not know the old place at all nor anyone living in the neighborhood. The schoolmates have all grown up and scattered all over the world. Many of them have been called to that bourne from whence no traveler ever returns. But such is the generation of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end and another is born. But to return to my story, I wanted to go West, but how could I leave my mother. I always loved her. But finally the time came for me to start to that land I thought so much about.

It was in 1878 or 1879 I left Columbus, Ohio, for Leadville, Colorado, and while waiting for the train I met a friend who asked me where I was going. I told him to Leadville, Colorado, and he said: "You will make just a nice pot of soup for the Indians around Leadville who are on the warpath." But I was not the kind to be so easily turned back or defeated in my trip. I bought my ticket and boarded the train that was to carry me westward with a light and a happy heart. As she steamed away from the Union depot I took a long farewell to my native city and land, and as we pushed on westward through dense timber and over vast plains toward the old Rockies the scenery was immense and grand and beautiful. When we came to the great plains of Kansas what a sight greeted my eyes. Often I had pictured them beautiful, but my imagination was not strong enough to do them justice. Here was a prairie fire sweeping over the great plains and the sky was lit up by the light until it seemed that the horizon was bright with the morning sunrise, and I thought the spectacle was grand. I was now far from home, but I thought tenderly of the ones that I left behind. In one of my quiet solitudes I wrote the song that begins with this verse:

I left my home a wandering lad
And bound to see the world,
While father said, "Oh, Tommy, dear,
Your wandering flag unfurled;
You have a father, good and kind.
A mother old and gray,
Her heart will break for you, my boy.
When you are far away."

I dearly love the West, every part of it is dear to my heart. In many of the Western states I have slept on my blankets beneath the wide-spreading roof of the heavens while the queenly moon in her brightness sailed up and up, higher into the beautiful, clear, moonlit sky, made so beautiful by her presence. Then the stars looking down from the arches above, like so many little golden lamps, impressed me with a desire to know more of these far-away suns ever twinkling and glowing like the bright eyes of seraphs looking down on us poor finite mortals below. Often I have heard the voice of a bird singing a few notes in the moonlight on the lone prairie. And when I camped on a creek where there was timber I could hear the soft whispering as if the trees were holding communion together. Oh, there is a beautiful sweet-ness in a night slumber under such conditions and when awake you lay in your blankets meditating as in the delusion of a pleasant dream. And you are apt to think all these noises that are abroad and heard everywhere in the air are the voices of angels chanting their songs to charm the ear of the sleeper who sleeps away out West, beneath the beautiful blue sky and the bright sparkling stars. Nature no sooner puts one set of children to sleep until another set comes on the stage of activity, as busy and as happy as the others. This great and wide West has charms for me which I have never found anywhere else. And I presume it is so with many others. Not long ago I read a Western story of a Western man and I think it would be well for me to relate it in connection with my Western experience. This man left his East-

ern home many years ago to wend his way to the great Rocky Mountains; gold had not yet been discovered. The great railroads had not yet pushed their way across the great plains. The greed of the white man had not yet made the trail over the mountains a very familiar one. Traveling was attended with more or less danger in those days. This man and his partner who was traveling with him were camped on the flat of a little stream which at that time had considerable timber on it. And about the middle of the afternoon, and much to their surprise, they were visited by an old trapper and hunter who in his wanderings discovered the smoke of their campfire. He was a weather-beaten iron man of the solitudes of nature, who had wandered away from his home in the Far East from civilization into that vast wilderness of desolation.

After talking and asking a few questions about the East he shouldered his gun and started across the plains toward a belt of timber lying dim and shadowy like a low cloud upon the distant horizon.

These men who were camped on the little stream watched him for an hour or more as he trudged away over the rolling plains, growing less and less to the view, until he became like a speck in the distance and finally vanished from sight altogether. These men said there was a sort of solitude or solemn feeling stole over them as this lonely hunter wended his way back into the deep solitudes of the prairie to be alone with nature, communing only with himself and the things that were scattered around him by the great Creator. Yet he seemed contented and happy. There is something in some men which drives them from society, to seek the treeless plains and the deep solitudes of the wilderness and mountains. The love of nature and the love of new adventures away from the haunts of civilization and settlements spur them on. It is in them, they love it and it must come out, and away to the wilds they go to live a life of isolation and quiet solitude. This is the old original instinct of man—you may educate him, polish

him, clothe him in purple and fine linen, but still he will go off to the woods, the wilderness, and commune with new things. They cannot be contented to stay in one place, away back where people are thickly settled, but must push on westward to the frontier amid new scenes, new adventures and new dangers. This has been my weak point. If I should call it so, my love for life amidst the solitudes of the wilderness or mountains, beyond the border of civilization, has been overpowering, these many years have found me with a home on the border.

So I have spent all my life in the Far West, as a hunter, a trapper and a cowboy. I have been in nearly all the Western states and territories from Ohio and Kentucky on the East to the Sierra Nevadas and Cascades on the West; from the sunlit Savannahs of Texas to the British line on the North; in Indian camps, buffalo camps, mining camps and cow camps. Now you will be better acquainted with me and understand me better as you travel with me. You will notice the pieces toward the close of the book are of a more serious or thoughtful nature. This is because of the change which has taken place in me. By the experiences which I had passed through. From the cow range to the county jail; from the jail to the penitentiary at Deer Lodge, Montana, where I served a sentence of five years. I will tell you all about this in my other book, entitled, "Away Out West Behind the Bars—or the Shadows—of the Great Stone Corral at Deer Lodge, Montana."

I think you will find it in many ways a better book than this one. In it are my best pieces of poetry. Some of them touching and tender. I will tell you about the shadows of prison life in the Great Stone Corral at Deer Lodge; of the men in stripes; what kind of men that fill our jails, our prisons and our penitentiaries. I will tell you what I think of the divorce evil. And last, but not least, I tell you how you may always escape the prison cell. Both prose and poetry. Some written in camp, some in the cell.

However, there are a good number of these which were written in prison. And many of these other pieces were written on the rangeland or in camp on the border.

Here you'll find a few verses
That were wrote on the trail.
They grew in the sunshine,
They were fanned by the gale.
Get them and read them,
And sing them if best
To the tune of the saddle
And the rhyme of the West.

THE AUTHOR.

Go to It, Old Bronk, I've Called You.

Go to it, old Bronk, I have called you!

Let the buttons roll off from my vest,
For I'm here on the woolly old rangeland
To ride the wild bronk from the West.

They say the wild Cowboy is passing,

But he lingers still here on the Plains;
He still wears the schapps and the Stetson,
And he still holds the old bridle reins.

He still loves his old occupation,

And he has no desire for a change;
He still loves the old chuck wagon

And follows it over the range.

Then, go to it, old Kid, I am to you,

Let me have just a moment for breath,
Till I get both my feet in the stirrups,
And I'll ride you, old bronk, to your death.

He still rides the grassy old rangeland,
And I'm sure it is no narrow scope,
And he still loves to bunch up the doggies
And show his great skill with the rope.
So, go to it, old bronk, I am with you,

Though the water gush out of my eyes;
You will find I am still on the voyage
When you reach the gateway of the skies.

They say the wild Cowboy is passing,

But I trust it is only a dream.

I know that the world's a delusion

And things are not just as they seem.

But go to it, old bronk, I am with you,
Though the buttons roll off of my pants;
I will ride you today and tomorrow,
And ride you at every odd chance.

They say the wild Cowboy is passing,
But I seen one not two weeks ago.
He was there with both feet in the stirrups
And his pockets well filled with the dough.
Go to it, old bronky, I'll answer,
Though the buttons roll off of my vest,
For I'm here on the woolly old rangeland
To ride the wild bronk of the West.

They say there's no more pitching horses,
And this is the way they decide,
But I know an outlaw out yonder
Who will give them a high crooked ride.
They will need both their feet in the stirrups,
And then a through ticket to town;
For as sure as you are a-living
That young farmer gent will come down.

The Cowboys are still thick and plenty,
And are monarchs of all they survey;
They are still on the range of the cattle,
And here they are going to stay.
Then shut up on this wild speculation
And give us a moment for rest,
And we'll show you we're in from the rangeland
To ride the wild bronks from the West.

The dry farmers are all looking skeery,
And some of them look pretty sick;
You know they are all looking hungry,
And of course will go out pretty quick.
Then around the abandoned old homestead
The Cowboys quite often will meet,
And enjoy a good time in their parlor
From the hot burning winds and the heat.

No, I don't guess the wild Cowboy is passing,
He still lingers here on the plains;



"I'll Ride You, Old Bronk, to Your Death."

He still wears the schapps and the Stetson,
And he still holds the old bridle reins.
Then go to it, old bronk, I have called you,
Though the buttons drop off of my vest,
I am here on the woolly old rangeland
To ride the wild bronk of the West.

The Merry Old Round-Up Gives the Best Exhibition of All.

Great exhibitions on the rangeland,
In the spring, the summer and fall,
But the ones on the merry old round-up
Are the best exhibitions of all.
See them go high, and go crooked!
See them sidestep, and sunfish, and fall!
Ah! Yes, the merry old round-up
Gives the best exhibitions of all.

See the wrangler come in with the bronchos,
Such beautiful, swift-footed beasts;
Men have traveled a distance to see them—
They have come all the way from the East.
And they all, from the least to the greatest,
With their stock of unlimited gall,
Have declared that the merry old round-up
Gives the best exhibitions of all.

They may show you the sights of the city,
And take you along down the row;
You may pass through the door of the opera,
And may pass through the door of the show.
But follow the merry old round-up
Through the cold frosty mornings of fall,

And you'll find that the bronk and the Cowboy
Gives the best exhibitions of all.

The Wild West Show isn't in it,
To me they are sorry and tame;
But here on the woolly old rangeland
We have them nerved up for the game.
Then see them go high, and go crooked,
Hear the groan, the moan and the bawl.
Ah! Yes, the merry old round-up
Gives the best exhibitions of all.

Hear the echoing call of the Cowgirl,
As her wild broncho pierces the wind;
See her off in the race with the others—
It's a cinch she has now got them skinned.
See them off for the old chuck wagon,
Hear the roar, the yip and the call;
I tell you the merry old round-up
Gives the best exhibitions of all.

See them gather around the chuck wagon
And exhibit the skill of their luck;
For the cook has a feast, great and plenty,
To grace a good Cowpuncher's pluck.
You will find them all brave, noble fellows,
With a stock of unlimited gall,
Which gives to the merry old round-up
The best exhibitions of all.

Twenty Years Ago.

I took a ride today, old Pard,
 Where I rode years ago;
I gazed upon the landscape there,
 When it lay deep with snow.
I want to say there's been a change,
 The feed was once immense;
From here each way a hundred miles
 You could not find a fence.

Some twenty years ago, old Pard,
 The land was full of game;
Many of them not very wild,
 And some were really tame.
The deer, the elk, the antelope,
 Together there did roam;
It truly was a Paradise,
 And it their native home.

Some twenty years ago, old Pard,
 The grass stood waving high;
But go and look at it today,
 If it don't make you cry.
The rotten sheep has eaten it
 As bare as my old boots,
And still they have them there today
 A-eating out the roots.

The long-horned steer is gone, old Pard,
 But very few remain;
They crowded in their stinking sheep
 And drove them off the range.
If I had a thousand bronks, old Pard,
 I know I couldn't sleep
Until I would stampede them
 Right through a band of sheep.
And then I'd keep them going,
 I would never let them stop.

Till every sheep was under
And the bronchos were on top.
I would run them up the valley
And would chase them from the hills,
And despoil the old range robbers
Till every one was still.

The owners, too, you know, old Pard,
I would give a chance to sail
At the end of a strong old picket line
Tied to a broncho's tail.
And when I'd freed the range of them,
Then I would strut and crow,
And the grass would grow, I know again,
As twenty years ago.

These herders with their sheep, old Pard,
And low depicted mien,
Have eaten off every blade of grass
And every weed between.
Not long will they keep herding sheep
Upon these Western plains,
Until the reach their home corral,
The asylum for insane.

The Sheepman and the Cattleman
Have had a dreadful muss,
But the sheep have got the range, old Pard,
So it ain't no use to fuss.
Go round them sheep and bring them in,
The range is dry and bare,
You know, old Pard, I hate to see
Those robbers starving there.

The noble Red Man, too, old Pard,
They drove him far away,
And still they keep on driving him
A little more each day.
They took away their hunting grounds,
Where the buffalo loved to roam,
And drove them to another place
Not fit for the Red Man's home.

The white man did it all, old Pard,
 On him I lay the wrong
In forcing the Red Man's heritage
 To sing the white man's song.
They cheated and deluded them,
 To this you say "ahem,"
But the devil he will deal with you
 As you have dealt with them.

Not very far from here, old Pard,
 The Indian Nation lie.
All decked with lovely foliage
 Beneath a sunlit sky.
And there among the sun-kissed hills
 The Indians are corraled,
Caught in the white man's round-up
 And drove to a fare-you-well.

Everything we see around
 The white man's hands have made;
They have mutilated Nature,
 And you know they have, old Pard.
They have gathered in the mountains,
 And have fenced the rivers, too;
They slaughtered all our buffalo,
 And well you know it's true.

The railroads spoiled our hunting grounds
 And split them wide in two;
The buffalo, deer and antelope
 From it then quickly flew.
Then came the pale-faced hunter
 As hard as he could ride,
And slaughtered them by thousands
 Just for their horns and hide.

A few old rotten bones, old Pard,
 Is all that now remains
Of that vast herd of buffalo
 That covered all our plains.

It really makes me sad, old Pard,
To think it must be so,
That the Red Man and the buffalo
Must both together go.

I have seen the fairest valleys
Spoiled by the white man's hands,
And Nature was mutilated
Till it wasn't very grand.
One would start to plowing,
And another digging a well,
And one a-building a cabin,
And in it all would dwell.

They would put a fence around it.
Fence half the road at that,
And in their old sod shanty
Would live as poor as bats.
The one cow on a picket line,
Their horses on a rope,
And soon they'd be too thin and poor
To really make good soap.

No more the scouts upon the plains
Old Sitting Bull will spy;
No more his canvas tepee
Will light the evening sky.
No more the Western rovers
His wrinkled face shall see,
For the great Sioux Chief, you know,
Was killed at Wounded Knee.

Gone are the elk and antelope,
Now very few remain;
Gone are the savage Red Men
From off the Western plain.
Gone are the shaggy buffalo
That roamed about so free
From the sunny plains of Texas
To each far-off spreading sea.

Oh! Those Days in North Dakota.

Away up in North Dakota, in the year of eighty-three,
When big game it was plentiful, oh, that was the place
to be;

Away up in that country the skies are fair and blue,
And money, too, was plentiful, but our neighbors they
were few.

I am thinking now of Dickinson, my old-time stamping
ground,

And a better town than Dickinson I'm sure could not be
found;

The joints were throwed wide open and no sheriff had
his say,

In those days up in Dakota near the Bad Lands far
away.

I have traveled many thousand miles, but never yet have
found

A place just to my notion as the North Dakota ground;
Her prairies were so beautiful, out-spreading far and
wide,

Where the curlews and the plovers in the wavy grass
could hide.

Her washouts and her coolies are something great and
grand

In the little Missouri country where the Killdeer moun-
tains stand.

Oh, those days in North Dakota, where the skies are
fair and blue,

When big game it was plentiful and the hunters brave
and true.

Talk about the graceful antelope, they truly did abound
In the North Dakota country where the cannon ball is
found;

I have seen them bunched together, four hundred in a band,
A-roaming hither thither in this glorious good old land.
If you want to take a trip, my boys, in land want to invest,
Just figure with a hunter who has lived a life out West,
When the joints were all throwed open and no sheriff had his say,
In the North Dakota country, near the Bad Lands far away.

With a roving disposition that would never let me rest
I drifted for my fortune in the undeveloped West;
I learned to set the beaver trap when earth lay white
with snow,
And when the fur was sold or shipped I'd pocket up the dough.
Oh, for those bright days back again when the buffalo
used to roam
Across the dreary old Bad Lands so close around our home;
Oh, those days in North Dakota, where the skies are fair and blue,
When big game it was plentiful and our neighbors they were few.

It seems that camping nowadays ain't what it used to be
In the camp on Old Heart river in the year of eighty-three;
The very recollection of that buffalo steer and fries
Brings a heaving at my bosom, and the water to my eyes.
With a cup of good hot coffee in the morning, don't you know,
The way that we would relish it, indeed, it was not slow;
I would like to live that life again, where the skies are fair and blue,
When big game it was plentiful and the hunters brave and true.

Oh, you who live in cities where your theaters are so slow,

With your prima donna round-ups, how little that you know;

Just go and seek some lovely place in a far secluded spot, Where Nature's tumbling over, it's the place you long have sought.

Your youthful days will then return; you'll feel them as of yore,

When you wandered through the meadow field far from your cabin door;

I am sure you'll look more beautiful when the bloom of health returns,

By romping round with Nature 'midst the flowers and the ferns.

Oh, I love to romp with Nature away from folks and noise,

With Nature just a-hugging me; oh, my, it gives me joy; Then I feel that I am happy and can write a better rhyme,

So I'd like to be a-living out with Nature all the time.

I wish that I could always look out from the misty haze Upon that wild, wild country where I spent such happy days;

Where the joints were all throwed open and no sheriff had his say,

In that North Dakota country, near the Bad Lands far away.

There was Charley Tear, an old friend, I want to speak of him;

He was not built like old Dutch John, but he was tall and slim.

Charley, do you remember the northern lights so bright, How the stars would shine and sparkle like great electric lights?

Do you remember Mrs. Smith, how badly she was scared, She thought the judgment day had come and she was not prepared?

Oh, those days in North Dakota, when the moon was full and bright,
When the stars would shine and sparkle like great electric lights.

And there's the Cowboy Artist, too, he's one I do esteem,
Some of his paintings almost speak, so true to life they seem;
He paints those twisting Western bronks away up in the air,
And a rider on his back with quirt a-fanning of him there.

They are so very true to life, the bronk a-coming high,
You see an exhibition between the earth and sky;
Long may he live to use the brush, immortal be his name,
Like glittering gold to live and shine on the firmament of fame.

Yes, Russell is a whole-souled man who meets you with a smile,
Who treats you as a friend, indeed, in true good Western style.

Montana is his dwelling place and Great Falls is his home,
And I give to him my best regards with a handshake all my own.

Death-on-the-Trail, another friend, a hunter, too, and scout,
He was an old-time frontier man who knew well all the route;

He now lies deep in Mother Earth, a-sleeping way out West,

My sympathy won't wake him up, nor rob him of his rest.

There's Harry Snow, another friend, in Oklahoma's land,
An Oklahoma boomer, too, whose path and trail has scanned.

There sunlit fields of golden grain and vineyards do abound,

And where the apple, peach and plum on every ranch is found.

Harry G., my old-time friend, is wife and children well?
May peace and joy and happiness within your household dwell;

May sun-kissed cheeks and love-lit hearts give you their greatest share

And guide you to that morning star that shines away up there.

There's Morgan Frank, a friend of mine, an old-time honored friend,

I have not heard from Frank for years, his life may had its end;

He had a great big Western heart that beat his bosom warm,

A true child of the Western plains, of blizzard and of storm,

And in the Black Hill's early day he was away up there A-hunting elk and buffalo, likewise the deer and bear.

If he is dead, sweet be his rest; pray don't disturb him now,

And may the Coming King with love place laurels on his brow.

Oh, there's a host of old-time friends, I reach to them my hand,

And some day I shall make a trip to that good old glorious land.

I now look back on happier days and see the old-time faces,

And sit with you, and talk with you, in old familiar places.

And I often feel my heart rise up like a flapjack in my throat

To give me a reproof of a letter I never wrote
And sent to old-time honored friends, where skies are fair and blue,

Where big game once was plentiful and the hunters brave and true.

Now some of these old pioneers lay with the silent dead,
Their great big hearts beat warm and true until their
breath had fled;

And in the city of the dead there lies the last remains
Of men as brave as ever lived or trod the Western
plains.

And you, oh cherished frontier men, a-sleeping way out
West,

With Western plains a-hugging you close to their loving
breast,

Give thanks to the Redeemer man, you sleep where skies
are blue,

Where tender hearts still think of you and men are brave
and true.

Now the antelope and buffalo gone, oh, what a mighty
change,

And most of the old-time pioneers have gone across the
range;

Away across the Great Divide, beyond the peaks of snow,
To a land where they cannot return, but where we all
must go.

Oh, do you dream in your last sleep of how you used
to do

When big game it was plentiful and the hunters brave
and true?

But they are gone, sweet be their sleep, please don't
disturb them now,

And may the Coming King with love place laurels on
their brows.

The Bucking Broncho, Dickinson, North Dakota.

There was a bronk in Dickinson
Which weighed a thousand pounds,
And a harder pitching broncho
In the world could not be found.
They knew they had a pitcher
And hard they tried to show
That not a man in Dickinson
Could ride him for the dough.

But the woolly West has riders,
And I want you all to know,
They will ride your bucking broncho
In a way that won't be slow.
One day there came to Dickinson
A Texas boy, Monroe,
"Put up," he said, "some money,
"And I'll ride your bronk for dough."

Then the dollars they were counted,
And soon the fun begun,
And Monroe, the Texas puncher,
Took a trip toward the sun.
When they led out Mr. Broncho,
They called him Fare-You-Well,
Monroe soon took the saddle
With a wild Comanche yell.

Talk about your pitching bronchos—
It surely was a sight
To see him yonder in the air
A-turning left and right.
Yet still Monroe stayed with him,
And raked him flank and hip;
He fanned him lively with his quirt
And urged another trip.

To the north side and the south side,
And all about the town,

He rode that pitching broncho
Like a double-jointed clown.
It was plain that Western outlaw
Had done his level best,
And that reckless Texas puncher
Was there to stand the test.

When he could not throw his rider,
Then he tossed around his head,
To pull him from the saddle seat
And stamp him there till dead.
But as he threw around his head
He met that fearful spur,
That rowled him up that old jawbone
With blood and hair and fur.

Then all about the town, my boys,
He played another tune—
It was not a floradora
Nor the ragtime of a coon—
But it was real old pitching, boys,
Backed up by nerve and grit,
But Bill was in the saddle sure
To ride him till he quit.

To the east side and the west side,
Then all about the town,
He rode that pitching broncho
Till he squarely rode him down.
Then he sprung from out the saddle
And landed on his feet,
While the people loud were cheering
Till they shook the very street.

If you have a furious pitcher
That has never yet been rode
Call on that Texas puncher,
He has never yet been throwed.
So here's to that old-time rider,
Long may he live to ride,
And find the trail to the home corral
Across the Great Divide.



“And I'll Ride Your Bronk for Dough.”

The Cowboy's Last Ride.

A young Cowboy rose early one morning
And saddled his bronk for a ride,
He hit the high hills and the valleys
With Jimmy, his Pard, by his side.

It was out on the Little Missouri,
Where they went to look after some strays,
And where the old mountains of Killdeer
Loomed up a short distance away.

They had left their camp early that morning,
With their hearts very buoyant and gay;
They left like two bright, happy children
Who were brimful and over with play.

They rode the high hills and the valleys,
But never a stray could they find;
They searched the deep coolies and washouts,
Where many a cowtrail did wind.

At noon they struck an old cowcamp
And stopped to fill up on some chop,
For the Cowmen are always big-hearted
And will give you the best in the shop.

And when they had eaten their dinner
They started again on the range,
But a cloud rolling up from cloudland
Said the weather had took on a change.

So they took from behind their old saddles
A slicker to keep themselves dry,
A protection from rain, wind or weather,
No matter how hard it may try.

But it happened, as it sometimes does,
That the wind blew the rain all away

And the boys still rode the prairie
A-trying to look up the strays.

But just as the sun was a-setting
A saloon and store cabin they struck.
"If we can't find the strays," said Jimmy,
"We have found quite a rich streak of luck."

So up they rode to the store cabin
And unsaddled their bronks for the night,
And a great big smoking hot supper
Filled the boys with a happy delight.

After supper they went to card playing
And shuffled away until late,
And for wild, reckless, careless Cowpunchers
Could play at a pretty good rate.

They had at the cabin strong whisky,
And it got all the boys in a row,
For Jimmy and Bill were no cowards,
But would fight like an old Texas cow.

They had that night at the cabin
A couple of pretty tough girls;
Card playing, bad women and whisky
Soon got the boys' heads all awhirl.

The fracas then started in earnest
And they pulled out their old forty-five,
And Billy was shot through the body
And never would go back alive.

A sad, sad day when Cowpunchers
Took Billy away to his rest;
They stuck up a board for a headstone
And planted a rose on his breast.

Card playing, bad women and whisky
Has often led Cowboys astray,
And then their handy six-shooter
Would put someone out of the way.

Quite often we talked of young Billy,
Who was shot in a low, drunken fight,
Who early left camp in the morning,
But never went back there at night.

There we planted young Billy next morning,
While the tears quite tenderly fell,
And we left him to sleep in the bosom
Of the West that he loved so well.

The raindrop kissed the lily
By the morning glory vine,
And the lily kissed the ivy
And the ivy kissed the pine.

All were sweet and lovely
Like a cloudless summer day,
For the golden sun was setting
And her jewels were at play.

The Cowgirl.

When Western winds would move the air
Her tresses dark would flow,
And fall upon her bosom fair
Like shadows over snow.

A Talk with an Old Friend.

One day when I was roving on the foothills of the West
I met young Henry Grammer, with spurs and schapps
was dressed,

And as we talked together of hardships on the way
His mind went back to Texas and these words to me
did say:

“I would rather live in Texas than any place on earth,
For it was the state of Texas that gave to me my birth.

“I have been said to be a ranger upon her sunlit plains,
And though I’m far from there today her memory still
remains;

I have spread my old tarpaulin so often on her lawn,
But now I sigh to think of them, for those bright days
are gone,

And I would rather live in Texas than any place on earth,
For it was the state of Texas that gave to me my birth.

“T’was on her wide prairies where the long-horned
cattle ranged,

But now the grass is all eat out, their feeding ground
has changed;

So I left my sunny southland to ride upon the Platte,
Where the punchers are good rustlers and the cattle
always fat;

But she cannot beat old Texas, she’s the best place on
the earth,

For it was the state of Texas that gave to me my birth.

“I have been up in Montana, away up on the line,

Where the winter sun is waiting for the summer sun to
shine;

Where the spring and fall and summer is but one long
winter day

And the aurora borealis brighten up the milky way;
So I would rather live in Texas than any place on earth,
For it was the state of Texas that gave to me my birth.

“I have been in Colorado, and I think she’s mighty grand,
Where the little streams are busy washing down her golden sand,
And away up in Wyoming where the Devil’s Tower stands,
And it surely is a wonder if there’s any in the land;
Yet I would rather live in Texas than any place on earth,
For it was the state of Texas that gave to me my birth.

“I have rode in Oklahoma, the land you used to roam,
Four hundred miles of sunlit plains, a thousand more from home;
I have watched the little doggies grow up to great big steers,
But now the farmer with his fence has met the changing years.
So there is no place like Texas, she’s the best place on the earth,
And it was the state of Texas that gave to me my birth.

“I have rode the Osage country, where the Indians ride and shoot,
And where the bucking broncho beats an airship on a toot;
Where they all jump high and crooked like ‘Oklahoma Dick,
And the man that keeps the saddle is the one that’s pretty slick.
That’s the way they do in Texas, twist and flop o’er all the earth,
And it was the state of Texas that gave to me my birth.

“At Oklahoma City, in the bucking contest there,
I rode them high and crooked and I won their money fair.

At old Fort Worth and Denison, and also Guthrie, too,
In riding and roping took first prize when all were through.

Soon I’ll go back to Texas, take my old tarpaulin bed,
And stay in the state of Texas where I was born and bred.”

Leaving Deer Lodge Prison.

I had gone into the office to dress and put on my fine suit of clothes which the Deer Lodge prison furnishes to everyone who leaves that institution of crime, when in come Dan Tewey, the deputy warden. Speaking to the office man, he says: "Where's all this writing Beggs has been doing?" I spoke up. "It is here in my Pete (or box). Do you want to examine it?" "Certainly I do. It all has to be read."

I unlocked the Pete and laid out my writings.

With a look of amazement and surprise, he asked: "Is that all writing that was done here?"

"Certainly," says I.

"How long have you been at it?"

"Ever since I have been here."

"Well, you will have to leave it here so it can be read."

"Oh, no. I don't do that."

"I can't read that in a month."

"I can't help that; I can read it in less time."

"Why did you not bring this writing to the office so it could all be read?"

"Because that was not my business."

"Well, you will have to go out without it."

"Well, I will not."

(He goes to the phone.) "Mr. Conley, I can't read all this writing Beggs has in a month."

Conley—"Read it, read it, if it takes two months."

Tewey—"You will have to go and leave it here."

"But I tell you I will not go and leave it here. I am in no hurry at all. I have spent five years here. I can spend another month, all right."

“You must go.”

“But I don’t go until my writings go with me.”

Tewey picks up a piece and begins to read:

“Come, look across the old cow range,
I rode it years ago,
Before the range was all fenced up
And Cowboys had a show.
Now, as we look we view the sight
As through a hazy mist,
For just as far as eye can see
These fences do exist.”

Tewey—“Oh, that isn’t bad. It is all right.”

“Certainly it is,” says I.

Tewey turns over a few pages and reads again.
(Written on Mt. Pisgah, Cripple Creek, Colo.)

Although I stand on Pisgah heights
I see no promised land,
But Cripple Creek, the mining camp
Lies off to my right hand.”

“I don’t see anything wrong with this writing.”

“Certainly you don’t. I knew what to write and
what not to write.”

Tewey turns a few more pages and reads:

“This takes me back to childhood,
And it makes the teardrop start
To find these prison guards so wise,
And I am not so smart.”

Tewey—“Well, you will have to leave it. It has
all to be examined.”

“But I have told you I would not leave it. And I
mean it, too. I am in no hurry.”

Tewey turns a few more pages and reads:

"THE OLD CALF PANTS WASHED."

"I send you in my old calf pants,
 The only ones I got.
 For three long months I've cherished them
 Until they got the rot.

I hate to send them in, you know,
 They are so smooth and slick;
 They cover my long limbering shanks
 Whereon the calves do lick."

Tewey—"Well, it is no use in talking. You must go."

"But I am here to tell you I don't go."

Tewey still keeps turning some pages, then reads:

"Pick them up tenderly, up from their lair,
 Written quite splendidly, handle with care.
 Just give them a notice and pass them quick by;
 You can't bluff the donkey, it's no use to try.

"Here stands a guard, hero without any brains,
 He picks up a package, looks long and retains.
 Just then a sensation passes over his skin,
 He draws a long breath and at once pitches in.

"Your nerves are not steady, your optic not good.
 I see you are shaking, I thought that you would.
 But, pardner, be careful as you search the resort,
 For it's not at all subject to this kind of sport."

Tewey shuts up box, saying: "You must leave them, I tell you, and go."

"No, sir. I will not go. Do you hear it? Take me inside, for I will never leave here until I have all my writing."

"We will send them all to you."

"I will save you all that trouble. Take me inside. I am in no hurry. I am attached to the place. I have an interest here. Take me inside."

"Well, take them and go, and you have only a few minutes until train time."

"Oh, I can make it."

So I pulled off my old prison suit. A guard searched them. I put on my new ones, and they were dandies. A guard went with me to the depot, and with my gate money—\$5.00—bought me a ticket to Butte.

So now I am here at the depot,
And I hear that the train is some late.
I think if the trainmen don't hurry
My clothes will soon go out of date.

Well, those clothes began to fall apart before I got to Bozeman. A \$2.50 suit and the state pays Conley \$25.00 for the suit.

There is grafting in the prisons
In a hundred different ways,
And the system of the grafters
Is a graft that always pays.

(Bring on another prisoner)
While the mills of the gods
Grinds out another toll.

A Stampede in Texas.

We started from Mobeetie up to the northern range
With a lively bunch of cattle and a boss called Jim Ma
Lange;
We all were good old Cowboys who loved to ride and
roam
Along that great old cattle trail so many miles from
home.

We traveled on and on that day and bedded for the
night

On the sunny plains of Texas, it was a lovely sight;
A jollier band of Cowboys you never well could find,
To each other we were loyal, to a stranger we were kind.

We early left that bedding ground just at the break of
day,

We traveled o'er the sunlit plains all dressed in Nature's
way;

And listened to the Western winds and songs of the
curlew,

And whiled away the hour of noon where sweet wild
flowers grew.

Boys, it was a lovely evening when we pulled into camp,
The mocking birds were singing where we hung our
signal lamp;

But from the west there came a cloud as black as raven
night,

And we boys made things all ready for a ride before
daylight.

Soon our cattle they grew frisky and at once began to go
Right back to Mobeetie with a gait that wasn't slow;
The rain it fell in torrents and the lightning freely
flashed,

Every Cowboy on his broncho to the front he boldly
dashed.

The stampede it was sudden, every steer was on the fly,
Their heads were lifted upwards and their tails were
lifted high;
They leaped, they ran across the plains for forty miles
or more,
And such another stampede I never saw before.

Every boy soon got the saddle, every bronk was on the
fly,
Everything was total darkness, not a star was in the sky;
We followed them till morning, every bronk was at his
best,
We determined not to leave them while a heart beat in
our breast.

We finally stopped those frightened steers and brought
them to a stand
Just as the morning sun arose upon that Western land;
Many a steer that night lay dead and many a broncho
bled,
And one of our noble boys that night lay numbered with
the dead.

No more he'll saddle up his bronk beneath that sunlit sky,
No more he'll hear the clinking hoofs of cattle on the fly;
No more he'll ride at breakneck speed across the track-
less plains,
A surging host of cattle wild trod over his remains.

Come all you good old Cowboys, I look to you with
pride,
Who herd the long-horned cattle and the Western bron-
cho ride;
Here's health to you, my jolly boys, who roam the
Western wilds,
And luck to all the frontier men who love our good old
style.

The Work of a Bad Cowboy.

Put on the blanket and saddle,
Start them up with a whoop and a yell;
Persuade them, tempt them and shove them
To the depth of a real human hell.

Go gather them in from the midnight,
Go hurry them out of their bed,
Go show them the glass, sparkling goblet,
Go show them the wine that is red.

The Work of a Good Cowboy.

Go tell them the death cruel serpent
For a moment is taking a nap,
To arouse in the glow of the morning
And hurry them on through the gap.

Go put on the schapps and the Stetson,
Go heed the loud call of His word,
For a million today is a-drifting
And straying away from the herd.

Go search the deep coolies and washouts,
Where they gather resigned to their fate;
Go hurry them out to the windbreak
On the trail of the old home gate.

Go nail up the bars at the bog-hole,
And feed the young calves from a pan,
For the whole drunken tribe of creation
Will break in every night if they can.

Go Chum with the Geysers Awhile.

You no doubt have heard of the Yellowstone Park,
The great Wonderland of the world;
This great Wonderland, the pride of the West,
Has its flaglets of beauty unfurled.

The greatest of wonders in the Yellowstone Park
Are the wonderful mammoth hot springs;
Here deep-heated water pours vapor and steam
While the waste away water most beautifully sings.

There is ravishing beauty in the Yellowstone Park,
For Nature has done her work well;
The mountains and hilltops, rivers and rills,
With beauty enchanting doth swell.

There's canyons of beauty in the Yellowstone Park,
Outshining the jewels of queen;
Where sapphires of beauty are hidden from sight,
With beautiful diamonds between.

There's the Yellowstone Canyon in that great Wonder-
land,
Where beautiful loveliness flash;
Where swift, angry water with froth and with foam
The walls of their prison house lash.

Oh, that Yellowstone Canyon, the gem of the Park,
With wonderful wisdom was made;
And flowers, sweet flowers, surrounded with ferns,
Grows there in the dark cedar shade.

Oh, that canyon so deep, so awful, so grand,
That the brain of the human soul reels;
And as they look down in the deep, dizzy gorge,
The hand of solemnity feels.

There are beautiful streams in the Yellowstone Park
That tumble through mountains of snow;
That plunge over cataracts rugged and rough,
With never a stop in their flow.

A beautiful sight in the Yellowstone Park
Are the geysers when seen in their play;
The Giant, Old Faithful, Artemesia, The Fan,
Are awful and grand in their way.

You will surely feel weaker in your effort of strength
When the Fire Hole and the Hell Hole you see,
And think when these wonders their swaddling bands
burst,
Oh, where will humanity be?

The transcendent beauty of the Yellowstone Park
Bedazzles the far-seeing eye;
Where the blankets of beauty over Nature is spread
And the hand of the Master is nigh.

No beauty in city, in the village or town
With the Yellowstone Park can compete;
Here rivers and creeks, rivulets and rills,
In mystified beauty doth sleep.

There is something inspiring in the Yellowstone Park
That fills with a silent delight;
And when I reflect on such picturesque scenes
My trouble and sorrow takes flight.

The natural scenery in the Yellowstone Park
Is lovely, majestic and grand;
Such scenery I love, it fills with delight,
For it is of no mortal man's hand.

It is surely great pleasure in the Yellowstone Park
Your canvas to spread on the green,
And spend the swift hours in laughter and song,
And talking of what you have seen.

Then life in its beauty will kiss your pale cheeks,
And drive from your soul all its care;
Give a hearty, stout look with a sweet, cheerful smile,
As you breathe in the pure scented air.

It is here in their beauty the geysers do spout
And toss up their silvery spray,
And gleam in the light of the brilliant old sun
Like showers of jewels at play.

That woe-begone look that mantles your face
You will scare far away with a smile
If you will but come to this great Wonderland
And chum with the geysers awhile.

Where Nature, with beautiful garments are decked,
And the geysers do spout at their best;
Where the Angel of Peace plants the flowers of love,
To bloom on the trail of the West.

So pack up clothing, your hammock and tent
And away to this Wonderland go,
To look on the ravishing beauty of earth,
Spread here for poor mortals below.

Come, roll up your blankets and gather your wraps
And take a glad look at the pile,
And hit the old trail to this great Wonderland
And chum with the geysers awhile.

To My Indian Friends.

God made you, my brother, in His own perfect way,
And on no reservation compelled you to stay;
But through the wide world you could rove at your ease,
Could ride, or could walk, or could go as you please.

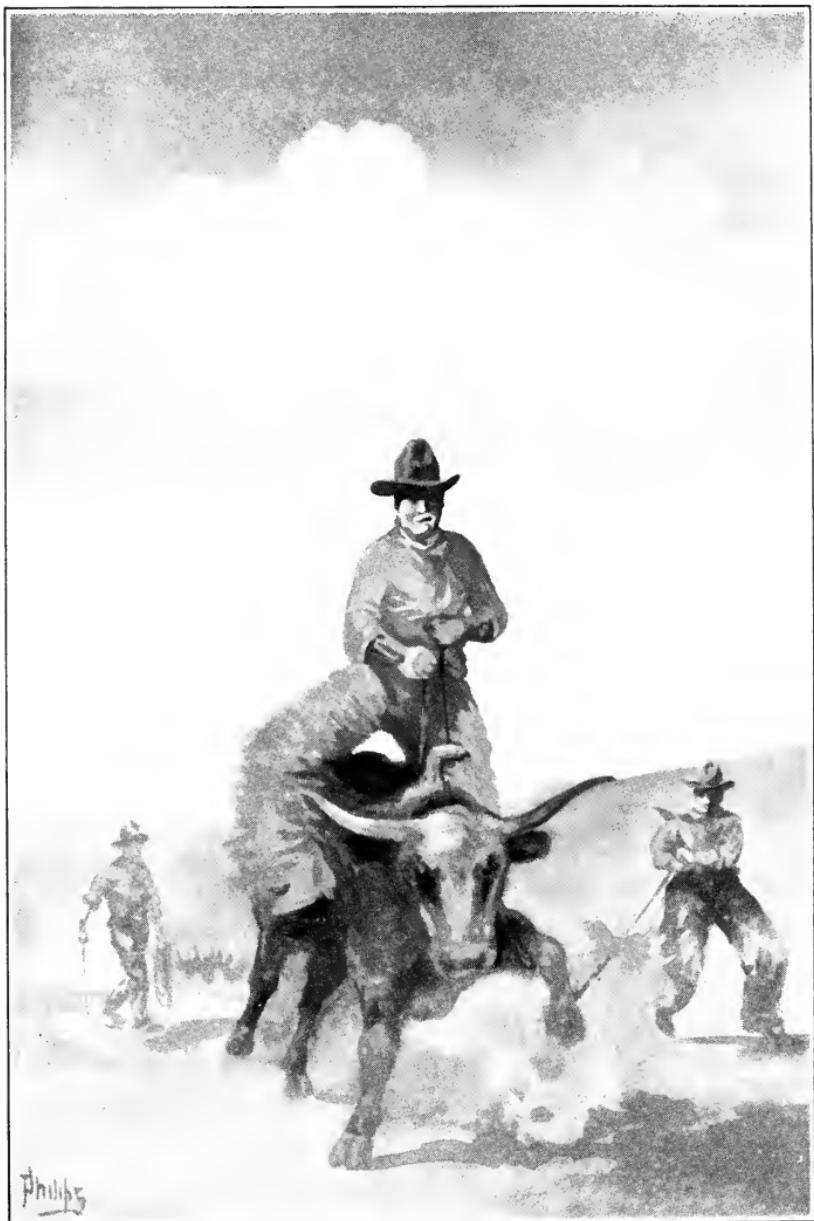
As free as the wind o'er the plains of the West
Was freedom implanted to thrive in your breast;
To be a free Indian, to think or to talk,
To travel or to stop, to ride or to walk.

But on no reservation He compelled you to stay,
To shorten your years or to sadden your day;
But He made you as free as the dove on her nest,
To love and to cherish the seed in your breast.

But I see you corralled, and it's here you must stay
Till your form becomes bent and your hair becomes gray.
The round-up has caught you and gathered you in
For greed and for profit, for your scalp and your skin.

Your buffaloes are gone, now no more to be seen,
Those huge shaggy fellows that once fed on the green;
The white man he did it, no blame lies on you,
He went to the slaughter, to slay and pursue.

Your wigwams are scattered, your braves are all gone,
Like the elk and the bear, like the deer and the fawn;
Gone are Red Men from the plains of the West,
Who were brave, true and loyal to the core of their
breast.



"When the Steer's a Flying Circus."

When Your Hull* Begins to Roll.

I said that I could ride him
And would show them that I could,
But the way I'm pulling leather
Looks as though I won't make good.
Many other riders found
They could not reach the goal
When the steer became a circus
And their hull began to roll.

It is surely recreation,
In a frantic sort of way,
To saddle up a long-horned steer,
If on him you can stay.
It's a cinch he'll come a-jumping,
And you'll find the badger hole,
When the steer's a flying circus
And your hull begins to roll.

Talk about your broncho busting,
But a steer will take the prize,
When he's way up yonder rolling,
Water gushing from your eyes.
When he's forty leagues from landing,
And all tied up in a knot,
The steer will be a winner
And will drop you on the spot.

I don't begrudge the jackpot,
Nor the wager on the side,
But admire the long-horned Texas
That put up the hardest ride.
You may find yourself far-reaching,
But you cannot reach the goal,
When the steer becomes a circus
And your hull begins to roll.

*"Hull," old saddle.

They Sent Me Right Over the Road.

My home now is here in prison,
They lock me up tight every night;
Hard work and no payday a-coming,
I never can think it just right.
It is here I worry till morning,
And get up without any rest;
For I feel the barbed arrow of sorrow
A-piercing deep into my breast.

Oh, why am I here in this prison,
Locked up in this cold house of stone?
Oh, why am I here serving sentence?
Oh, why am I not at my home?
I have there a wife in her sorrow,
Who is bearing her burden of grief.
Oh, I would that I only could lift it
And bring back the smiles of relief.

It would grieve my old father and mother.
Were both of them living today,
To think that I shut my eyes tightly
And wandered so far from the way.
But the seed of transgression is certain,
And I'm reaping the crop that I sowed;
And serving my time here in prison,
For they sent me right over the road.

As I think of the home of my childhood
My heart with its memories are filled,
But gone like the buds of my childhood,
Or roses that once were distilled.
But I see her tonight in clear vision,
Dear mother, and the love she bestowed.
Oh, the burden of grief would be heavy
If she knew the wild seed that I sowed.

My dear wife, I dearly have loved her,
And courted the smiles of her face,
And why am I now taken from her
And locked up in this cold, horrid place?
My children they sadly do miss me,
No papa to climb on his knee;
Oh, the burden is heavy, dear children,
The burden on you and on me.

Now will you, my dear ones, forget me,
And banish me out of your mind,
Because I was put into prison
When sinful and selfish and blind?
The hues of the rainbow have faded,
Its lustre no more can I see;
Oh, could I but feel the great fullness
And be what I once used to be.

I realize now in my blindness
That my happiness greatly is marred,
And I've proved it right here in the prison
That the way of the transgressor is hard.
And here I am sitting with stripes on
A-reaping the crop that I sowed,
And must harvest it all here in prison,
For they sent me right over the road.

Despair greets me early each morning,
And loneliness stands by my side;
Such cellmates as these are not pleasant,
But yet they forever abide.
My sorrow seems deeper and fiercer
Than the waves of the angry old sea,
As I think of my long, dreary sentence
And wonder how long till I'm free.

My sadness is sickening and painful,
And the burden is heavy to bear,
As I think of my friends who have left me
And none of sorrow will share.

In a cold, damp cell of a prison
Is where I must smother my shame,
While the great high wall that surrounds me
Throws the shadow and blot on my name.

Oh, could I but see you, dear children,
And fondle you long on my knee,
And circle my arms well around you,
Oh, you don't know how happy I'd be.
You can breathe the pure air of the mountains
And your troubles to each other tell,
But I am distressed and forsaken,
And alone in this dreary old cell.

My home and my wife and my children
I love as no other can love,
And although a poor convict in prison
Ask God to look down from above—
To protect and keep them together
And not let them go far astray,
Those sweet little blossoms of childhood
That are sad and so lonely today.

This great cruel wall of this prison
Stands high between you and me,
And it brings me no tidings of freedom,
And no message from those who are free.
There's no rainbow of promise reflected
By this cruel and revengeful old wall,
But its strength is sufficient for greatness
And its greatness sufficient for all.

My trouble, indeed, is distressing,
And my spirit is heavy and sore;
It seems that the balance is tipping
And will not bear up any more.
But I trustingly look to the Master,
I know He is loving and kind;
I will ask Him to strengthen and lead me
And not let me falter behind.

It seems all my friends have forsook me,
With bitterness, loathing and scorn,
And away in the silent night watches
I ask why I ever was born?
This still makes my punishment greater,
As I feel the distress and the pain,
And I wish I was out in the moonlight,
And I wish I was out in the rain.

The shadows fall darkly, my loved ones,
Not a ray where it lingers and rests;
No day star of brightness revealing
The love that is hid in my breast.
Oh, why don't you value the living,
While yet the Great Reaper is stayed?
Oh, why don't you help up the fallen
Before his short life is decayed?

You all used to write to me often
When I was away from the home,
But now you have nearly quit writing
And likely you all will disown;
And never again call me father,
Nor listen to what I've to say,
Because I am here in the prison
And branded a criminal today.

My wife seems to turn the cold shoulder,
Not wishing to hear my sad tale;
Oh, God! Have love and have mercy
When the wife of my bosom doth fail.
So long we have both walked together,
Our joys and our sorrows were one,
Our hands and our hearts both united
In the happy, sweet race as we run.

Oh, that my dear wife would stay with me
And speak a kind word to me now;
How the curtains would lift from my eyelids
And the furrows go back from my brow.

Oh, why did you tell me you loved me
When the roses of youth were so bright?
Oh, why do you shun and disown me
Because I'm a prisoner tonight?

I know there's a great gushing fountain
Opened up for the lost and the low;
I know that the blood of the Savior
Can wash me as white as the snow.
Long have I hoped and have waited,
But no love in your letters I see;
Now Jesus has come to the rescue
And has saved a poor sinner like me.

My hope now in Jesus is centered,
To anchor in the haven of rest;
He will wash from the stain of the prison,
For He's planted His peace in my breast.
So sound it in town and in city
And send it far out on the sea,
That God in His love and His mercy
Has saved a poor sinner like me.

But I feel that my health is a-breaking,
My cheeks are all sunken and pale;
So write me a good, loving letter
And send it today in the mail.
May the Father of Mercy give comfort
And protect all the path that I trod,
And bring me out safe from this prison
To walk on His green, grassy sod.

A Hunk of That Old Pumpkin Pie.

(Song.)

I have wandered so far in my rovings,
And hard have I tried to forget
The joys and charms of my childhood,
But I cannot—I have not as yet.

I cannot forget the old homestead,
No matter how hard I may try;
I cannot forget that dear mother,
Nor the taste of that great pumpkin pie.

My goodness, how plain I can see it,
Just one solid inch in the pan;
So yellow, so rich and so golden,
With a "Come, eat it all, if you can."

Today in my gloom and my sadness,
I fancy I'm back there to roam
Around the old garden and homestead,
In the joys of my sweet boyhood home.

Let the scenes of my childhood uncover,
And the mist from my eyes roll away,
Till I fancy I see that log cabin
Where no shadow of trouble could play.

In the shade of that old apple orchard
My soul with enrapture doth swell,
And I see the old moss-covered bucket
From which I would drink at the well.

Yes, I see myself there eating peaches
And storing the apples away,
And picking some ripe, juicy cherries,
Wishing always that summer would stay.

Then after the cows in the evening,
To hurry them home on the fly,
Then into the kitchen and cupboard
For a hunk of that old pumpkin pie.

Then up in the morning quite early,
To milk and to plant out some seed;
And then off to school at my lessons,
To cipher, to study and read.

When noon hour came I was waiting
And started right off on the fly
To locate that little tin bucket
For a hunk of that old pumpkin pie.

Then show me the cheery old fireplace
Where father and mother would sit,
Surrounded with happy, bright children
In a home which contentment had fit.

Gone are the days of my childhood,
Gone are the ones I loved dear;
Yet often in dreamland I meet them
And fancy them standing quite near.

Now hurry I must in my fancy,
Till I meet with that old pumpkin pie;
Oh, my, how I truly did prize it,
Both pleasing to taste and to eye.

Then give me a hope of the future,
And teach me a piece of a rhyme,
And my heart overflowing with music
Will measure away at the time.

Then tenderly point to the pathway
And guide me away from the wrong,
And let me press forward in duty,
Surrounded with childhood and song.

So I'll gather the flowers of childhood
And plant them to grow in my soul,
To fill it with joy and with sweetness
While the waves of adversity roll.

Yet a heavy, sad feeling comes o'er me,
And you know I have almost to cry,
As I fancy I see in that cupboard
A hunk of that old pumpkin pie.

In the Bad Lands.

I used to love to ramble in the dreary old Bad Lands,
With my lasso on my saddle-horn and my rifle in my
hand;
I was a Western hunter and my rifle aim was true,
I could chase the nimble antelope and round them up
for you.

I had a buffalo pony and he seemed to love my gun,
And although he wasn't very fast he knew how it was
done;
For riding or for chasing was as fine as in the land,
If I was in the saddle and the rein was in my hand.

The other day while hunting away off on the flat
I saw a nimble antelope and flagged him with my hat;
I shot that noble creature and packed him into camp,
But to kill a graceful antelope I'll vow I am a scamp.

He Was Going Some for a Preacher.

I put my hat upon my head and walked out for a stroll,
The night was light, the moon was bright, the air was
crisp and cold;

I walked out to a stylish church in the western part of
town,
The preacher was dressed up so fine he could not well
sit down.

The preacher was a gifted one, not timid, weak or shy,
But waded in with all his might to make good angels cry;
His language was most perfect, too, and faultless was
his coat,

So stood he there upon the floor and praised the Lord
by note.

The sky was clear and cold that night and showed no
sign of storm,

But he could preach of hell so hot it sure would keep
you warm;

Of all the men I have ever heard portraying the wicked's
lot

With all their gifted eloquence could paint a hell so hot.

He said there was a lake of fire, a seething, burning hell,
Where wicked men and children, too, forever more
would dwell;

He preached eternal seething flames and hurled them
through the room,

In burning coals and fiery flames he cried the sinners'
doom.

Eternal and eternally the circling flames would roll,
To torture and torment the lost, the weak and helpless
soul;

As I sat there a-thinking some, what would they do for
him?

The devil was rejoicing with a most becoming grin.

He said they always would exist within that burning
flame,
Ten thousand times ten thousand years to torture just
the same;
With cries of pain ascending up through all the countless
years,
A cruel God, a heartless wretch, would have his time of
tears.

He did not preach the love of God, nor from the Bible
read,
But talked of fearful punishment dealt out to the wicked
dead;
All through the vast eternity while circling years shall
roll
The flames of hell will surge and throb upon the wicked
soul.

That gifted preacher, too, may here depart—depart from
me,
The heathen and the harlot shall enter before thee;
You have not taught the love of God, but spite, revenge
and hate,
While the people for salvation did hunger, long and wait.

I think the worst men that we have are preachers
worldly wise,
For when they see the simple truth they turn away their
eyes;
They'll stamp the floor and make a fuss and preach eter-
nal fire,
And then the fair and supper comes to pay the preacher's
hire.

Hurrah for Old Montana Twenty Years Ago. (Song.)

I want to tell you, Pardner,
 You ride a shaky horse
When you leave dear old Montana
 And strike out another course.
It is the one great rangeland
 That now is up to date,
Where the long-horned steer is feeding
 In the Golden Treasure State.

CHORUS:

Then hurrah for old Montana,
 And hurrah for you and me!
For I'm here in old Montana,
 And it's here I want to be!

You may go down to Texas,
 Where the morning glory vine
Is a-twisting and a-twining
 Round the cypress and the pine.
But the doggies they get ticky,
 And they die upon the spot;
There they pine away in summer,
 And the winter's just as hot.

CHORUS:

Then hurrah for old Montana,
 And hurrah for you and me!
For I'm here in old Montana,
 And it's here I want to be!

You can't drive up to Kansas
 On the old Dodge City trail;
There's a hundred thousand fences
 And a free delivery mail.

It is chickens and it's turkeys,
And it's scrawny, weavily wheat,
And the farmer with his whiskers
Is the only one you meet.

CHORUS:

Then hurrah for old Montana,
And hurrah for you and me!
For I'm here in old Montana,
Just where I want to be!

You may go to Colorado,
But you cannot get a show;
In the summer it is drouthy,
In the winter it is snow.
And the only place that's open,
Where a Cowboy now can rest,
Is the range of old Montana,
The fair jewel of the West.

CHORUS:

Then hurrah for old Montana,
And hurrah for you and me!
For I'm here in old Montana,
And it's here I want to be!

You may go east to Nebraska,
But she hasn't got the stuff;
She's divided, cut and quartered,
Every sandhill, smooth or rough.
They have plenty of protection
And they're asking none of us,
And they're reaping now this harvest
Of feathers and of fuss.

CHORUS:

Then hurrah for old Montana,
And hurrah for you and me!
For I'm here in old Montana,
And it's here I want to be!

Yes, I'll stay in old Montana,
Where the grass is rich and sweet,
And where Nature is enchanting
And tumbling round your feet.
It's the only range that's open,
Where a puncher now can rest,
Is the range of old Montana,
The fair gem of all the West.

CHORUS:

Then hurrah for old Montana,
And hurrah for you and me!
For I'm here in old Montana,
And it's here I want to be!

There's no place like Montana,
She's the Bingen on the Rhine;
She's a-dancing and a-prancing,
And a-coming up the line.
She's a-standing like a warrior,
With a crown upon her head,
And unwilling to be numbered
With the dying and the dead.

CHORUS:

Then hurrah for old Montana,
And hurrah for you and me!
For I'm here in old Montana,
And it's here I want to be!

If you want to stay in Texas
I am sure you have the right,
But if you go to Nebraska
I will bid you all goodnight.
But when you lay me out to rest,
Beyond this Great Divide,
Plant me in old Montana,
That's sunny, lone and wide.

CHORUS:

Then hurrah for old Montana,
And hurrah for you and me!
For I'm here in old Montana,
And it's here I want to be!

Lines to a Prisoner.

Look up, my brother, do not fear
To face the withering blast,
For grated doors with iron bars
Will open wide at last.

These dark and cruel prison walls
Will try to blot our name;
A convict, too, so I am told,
Is shadowed deep in shame.

But prison doors and clanking chains
Do seldom reach the spot,
But leave behind a lasting sting
Which cannot be forgot.

So let us now a lesson learn
From those who wear the chain,
And try to act a soldier's part
And try to feel his pain.

May he who made the brilliant sun,
The golden stars to shine,
Just man your heart with firm resolve
To bear and not repine.

A Lonely Grave Out West.

Away out on the high divide between the Yellowstone and the Stillwater rivers lies sleeping in Mother Earth the remains of a young boy about 14 or 15 years old, who was killed by the Indians in the early days of Montana. I fixed up his grave with stone and wrote the following verses and put them on his headstone:

A lonely grave, a sacred spot,
On the old Jim Bridger trail;
A mother's son is sleeping here
In death so cold and pale.

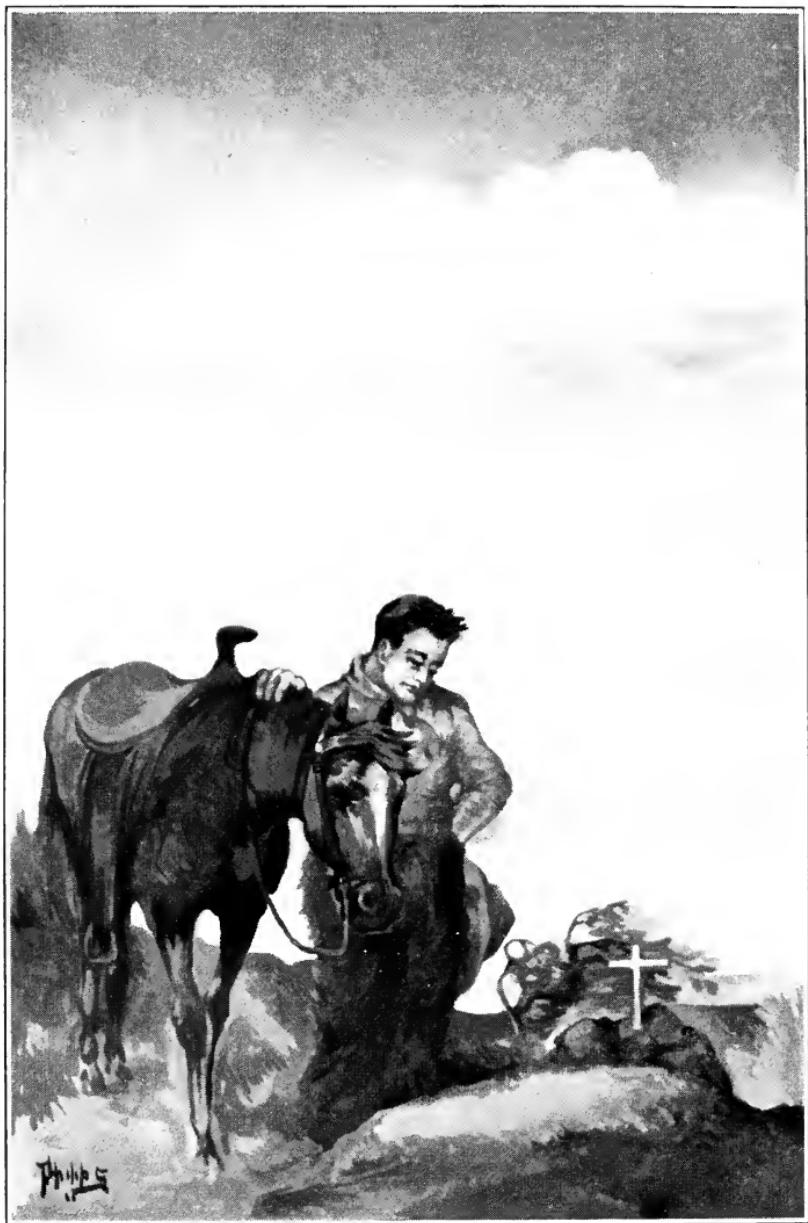
A boy of rather tender years
To roam so far away,
Out in the wild and woolly West,
Where Indians kill and slay.

The Red Man knows his resting place,
Their arrows reached the mark,
And here he lies now deep in dust,
In house that's cold and dark.

He died alone away out West,
No friends to weep around;
The Indians in their thirst for blood
Soon shot him to the ground.

Next day the father, in his grief,
Laid his dead boy to rest;
To sleep in old Montana soil,
The gem of all the West.

Not in the city of the dead
He fills a yawning grave;
But a lonely one away out West,
Where Western winds do rave.



"A Mother's Son is Sleeping Here."

No flowers to decorate his grave,
No history writes his fame;
But I will place a bouquet there
In honor of his name.

Now should you pass this lonely grave,
Let tender thoughts appear;
For you shall sleep some day in dust
As he who slumbers here.

We'll leave him here in his repose,
Unconscious of his rest;
To sleep in old Montana soil,
The flower of the West.

To the Warden, Deer Lodge.

Would it be against the prison rules
To send these verses home?
I'd like for wife to call to mind
The fields we used to roam.

Please grant this small request to me,
And send them down the line,
And you shall have the kind regards
Of this frail heart of mine.

I have with you a small account,
So charge the same to me;
Unjust indeed would be the thought
To have it charged to thee.

That Old Sheepherder Man.

I want to tell you where I've been,
And what I've seen today,
Away out West upon the range
Where cattle used to stay.
I saw a band of sheep, old Pard.
I saw the herder, too,
Come driving in his stinking sheep,
Just like all herders do.

It nearly took my breath away,
I had to stop awhile;
And then that crazy herder man
Began to start a smile.
I could not well control my bronk,
And he began to pitch,
And fired that old sheepherder man
Right down into the ditch.

Old Rattler still kept going high.
The sheep began to scare;
The shepherd dog began to work
Upon his master's hair.
The way he pulled his master round
Showed well the dog was game;
You bet he towed this herder man
Till he was good and tame.

You ought to have seen this herder man
In mud and water deep,
A-prancing and a-dancing round
As crazy as his sheep.
I left him there unto his fate,
With all his fuss and roar,
And never saw a herder man
Turned wrong side out before.

I went next day back to this place,
The birds began to sing,
The cattle feeding on the hills
Was a delightful thing.
But sheep and herder they were gone,
Had went across the bridge
Beyond the rocky point divide
Across the stony ridge.

And now the range looks good to me,
No sheep nor herder there,
And cattle on a thousand hills,
The glorious rangeland share.
Say sheepman, listen now to me,
Please do not come about.
For if you do my bucking bronk
Will put you all to rout.

I hate a little fenced-up range
Where sheepmen fuss and fight,
But where it's big and wild and free
Therein I take delight.
A thousand miles across a flat
Gives room to go and come,
And joy to meet the puncher boys
When they are scattered some.

So now I'll picket out my horse
Beneath the Western sky,
Where stinking sheep and herders, too,
Have bid the range goodbye.
And here beside this old cowtrail
I'll ride and laugh and grin,
But do not want those farmer gents
To come and fence me in.

Written in the County Jail at Big Timber, Montana.

(Song.)

Come all you Sweet Grass County boys,
Come listen to my rhyme;
We're laying in Big Timber jail
Because accused of crime.
We're laying in Big Timber jail,
And surely feel the curse,
But in our hearts we're thankful, boys,
That things ain't any worse.

This jail outfit's the laziest gang
That e'er creation reared;
They're rather small of caliber,
Their conscience hard and seared.
One fire a day is what we get,
In weather hot or cold,
'Cause the sheriff is too lazy, boys,
And the jailer is too old.

Jake Lyons is the turnkey man.
He carries grub and such;
He's willing to do all he can,
But that, you, know, ain't much.
He comes down every morning late,
Stands up and walks around,
As if he's looking for a wife
And can't find one in town.

When Jake comes from the boarding house
With hot coffee in the can.
We're mighty glad to know, my boys,
That Tucker is the man
Who sends us such good things to eat,
And not stuck up, you know,
Shall some day wear a golden crown
In a way that won't be slow.

Now Jake, our jailer's, out of town,
I think he's gone to Nye;
Of course it made us all feel bad,
While Jim began to cry.
And while he's gone we mourn for him,
The pie and cake don't come;
We wish that he would hurry back
So he can bring us some.

I hear he's gone a-fishing, boys,
Way up to Hawkes' Hole,
A-tantalizing minnows there
With his long old fishing pole.
But Jake will soon be back again,
When fishing days are o'er,
And bring us lots of pie and cake,
As he has done before.

Now while he's gone we're feeling bad,
The work is never done,
And we have a kick a-coming, boys,
As to how this jail is run.
We hear that Jake is back again,
And we're thankful, too, for that,
For when we get a streak of lean
We'll get a streak of fat.

Say, won't you kill the fatted calf
And bring us some to eat?
With ham and eggs along the side—
'T would be a perfect treat.
A pullet, too, with yellow legs,
A turkey good and ripe,
Would suit us poor old jailbirds,
With partridge, quail and snipe.

Although we're in this lonely cell
For right we will contend;
Don't strike us with your fishing pole
Until we are condemned.

And when we get our liberty
We won't forget our rhyme,
Nor we won't forget our turnkey man
In the good old summer time.

We won't forget our neighbor boys
For their friendship in the past
And taking just another chance,
We hope it still may last.
And when we swim old Jordan stream,
Cross o'er the Great Divide,
We hope to see friend Tucker there
A-standing by our side.

To Ride Away Out West. (*Song.*)

Come all you rambling Cowboys and a story I will tell,
Before I leave old Sweet Grass to go to the pen to dwell.

I have no ill-bred feelings well pent up in my breast,
But a handshake for true-hearted men who ride away out West.

I was born and raised in the Buckeye state and never came to shame

Till I left my dear old homestead to ride upon the range;
One day I got in trouble, boys, and it was very queer,
They brought a bill against me for killing Rhine's steer.

I used to love to hunt and trap out in the Western wilds,
O'er barren plains and mountain haunts I've roamed for many miles;

The graceful antelope and deer I used to get with ease—
Could rope the wildest broncho and ride him where I pleased.

It's away down in the nation, boys, I know well all the trail,

And away across Wyoming, the land of storm and hail;
With a roving disposition, that would never let me rest,
I wandered to Montana, boys, to roam out in the West.

These old Montana roundups I think will take the prize,
They'll call you in the morning with the starlight in the sky;

They will start you on a circle full forty miles away,
And you are mighty lucky if you get two meals a day.

It's here I met a Southern boy, from the old Texas state,
A Cowboy by profession, which I will now relate;
He had settled on a little home, with his dear wife and child,

To follow the long-horned steer around in the Montana wilds.

'T was on a cold December day, just a little after noon,
We rounded up a bunch of steers and rounded them quite soon;

We drove them to a coolie, a beef to kill that day,
But Jim he made a blundering shot to only wound a stray.

The sheriff and his deputy just happened to be near,
And in a very little while to us they did appear;
And when they both before us stood I never shall forget
The feelings at that moment, boys, revives within me yet.

They took us to Big Timber jail and there behind the bars

For nearly four long dreary months we never roamed afar;

So now we are in shackles, boys, I'm willing to admit,
They say that we are guilty, but they haven't proved it yet.

They put our bonds so very high we could not meet the sum,
And one who could fill all demands would sure be going some;
Thirty-six hundred, I am told, is just a little queer
To bond a man behind the bars for killing of a steer.

The sheriff and his deputy they did not do us right,
They said I was an outlaw and I would always fight;
They said to take a hundred men and stand them line in line,
And let them pick a fighting man they'd pick Beggs every time.

Of course, a bad report like this may send me o'er the road,
And drive me to a prison pen when no resistance showed;
But if I have to wear the stripes and make a prison hand
You'll never hear me fret or whine—I still shall be a man.

You ought to have seen that jury, boys, sheepherders I express,
A-pacing up to the jury seats in their Norwegian dress;
While each one had his mind made up, the seed already sowed,
To turn the old-time Cowboy down and send him o'er the road.

But there was Lawyer Barbour, a man of low degree,
Who stood before that jury, boys, to stamp his hate on me;
And there was R. R. Purcell, who I cannot well forget,
He was the blackest of them all—I think I hear him yet.

Thus spread the great R. R. Purcell like a cyclone o'er the skies,
He made the courtroom ring aloud with falsehoods and with lies;

Out spoke this shallow-hearted cur, his language freely flowed,
"Now all you noble jury boys, come send them o'er the road."

He said up at the old stockade I had no house nor hut,
I had no barn or fences made and hence no gate to shut;
This was the great R. R. Purcell, who in Helena resides,
Enough, my boys, to shock my heart and I sought my blush to hide.

The foreman of my jury, boys, Louis Guthrie was his name,
A sheepman with the wool all on and both hands in the game;
He said he was a juryman and to court he sure would go
To send them to a prison pen in a way to not be slow.

The jury quickly hastened, boys, its verdict for to give,
They thought the old-time Cowboy was hardly fit to live;
That jury found me guilty, boys, Judge Henry sentenced me

To labor hard for five long years in the penitentiary.

The sheepmen and the cattlemen have had a dreadful time
And human gore has freely flowed throughout this Western clime;
But the sheep have got the range today, the herder's got the gripe,
Just as they had long years ago away down in the Strip.

The Gems of Old Montana.

'Cause we live here in Montana
People really think we're tough;
We are just as good as they are,
We are diamonds in the rough.

We are the kind of diamonds
That will ease your troubled breast—
The gems of old Montana,
The pride of all the West.

Here Montana sage is plenty,
So are rattlesnakes and ticks;
Here we sell the short-horn feeder,
But we sell no gilded bricks.

When the weather's dry and dusty
Our crops all grow the best,
In the soil of old Montana,
The pride of all the West.

Don't leave the land of plenty,
Where happiness is found,
But stay here in Montana,
Where they have a heap of ground.

You may drive a splendid carriage,
By your side a handsome wife,
And board at the penitentiary
A great share of your life.

Bridger Creek Falls.



Indians' Story of Custer's Last Battle.

The Indians' story of Custer's fight has never been told
in full,
Nor the massacre of all his men by the braves of Sitting
Bull;
It was in the Big Horn country, in the year of seventy-
six,
On the twenty-fifth day of June, no other date we fix.

Custer left Fort Abraham Lincoln in the spring of seven-
ty-six
And with the Indians on the warpath he expected soon
to mix;
He had six hundred cavalry men and every one was
strong,
And some four hundred infantry to Custer did belong.

You know it is a part of life's great mystery of fate
That keeps men ever pressing on until it is too late;
From weaker ones we often hear a story deep in shame,
Or from the dark night of the past a star leads forth to
fame.

And so it was with Custer—no turning back he knew—
Till Death's cold silent shadows o'er the Little Big Horn
threw;
Brave Custer had no ironclad rule to overthrow a foe,
But when in sight of the enemy he straight for them
would go.

We will hear the Indians' story of Custer's last great
fight
On the Little Big Horn river, the bloody Sioux delight;
There were little chiefs and big chiefs and the braves of
many moons,
Rough pictures, too, of Indian life to mark the soldiers'
tombs.

My people, said old Sitting Bull, were starved from off
their land,
And driven from their hunting grounds toward the bar-
ren sand;
There was no game for them to hunt, no food for them
to eat,
Our freedom, too, was taken away bound to the white
man's feet.

The white man, said old Sitting Bull, had drove us far
away
And still they kept on pushing us and driving us each
day;
And then to fix and finish us they sent the boys in blue,
Of course we had to fight them, and we fought the battle
through.

Custer came to fight us and we brought our warriors up,
And we called our braves together, and we filled their
bitter cup;
Brave Yellow Hair had many soldiers—he, too, had
many guns—
While we had many warriors with the braves of many
suns.

My people they heap frightened, they did not want to die,
The Father he heap angry, his wrath reach way up high;
My people were in trouble and had much talk where
to go,
While heap scout like the eagles followed Custer high
and low.

We did not want to fight them, for Custer was much
brave,
We did not want to torture them or send them to their
grave;

Brave Yellow Hair a mighty chief, and he no 'fraid to
fight,
But he still keep on a-pushing us, and we did not think
it right.

On the twenty-fifth day of June, late in the afternoon,
We saw the soldiers on the hills, and we made ready
soon;
Brave Yellow Hair was in the lead with frenzied terror
smiled,
While hard he spurred his reeking horse to reach the
Injuns wild.

Red Horse, a mighty Injun chief, saw Custer swiftly
coming,
'T was then we called our warriors up, and they came
fast and running;
Rain-in-the-Face, a noted chief, was the one who led the
braves
And charged them down on Custer's crew and left them
for their graves.

We gave the mighty warwhoop as we rushed upon our
prey,
And we fought the last great battle, and we fought it
there that day;
There was long and bloody fighting and many braves
were killed,
And the river it ran bloody where the life blood had been
spilled.

Here on the Little Big Horn was Custer's last great
fight,
Surrounded with savage redskins, on the left and on the
right;
Rain-in-the-Face was in the lead to do his very best,
And Gall was pushing in the rear to meet him from the
west.

While Bear and Red Horse fought fearful there that day,
And thick on the Little Big Horn did the dead and
dying lay—

Red Wolf and Kicking Horse, they both fought long and
well,
With Sitting Bull close by their side where Custer fought
and fell.

With that last great battle over and hundred, too, had
bled,
The redskins rushed upon the scene to cut and scalp the
dead;
But did not touch brave Yellow Hair, they honored him
with might,
For he was much brave Yellow Hair, and he would al-
ways fight.

No more will those wild savage braves ride o'er the West-
ern plains,
For Sitting Bull at Wounded Knee now with the dead
remains;
And now no more brave Yellow Hair on Indian trails
will ride,
For in eighteen hundred and seventy-six he crossed the
Great Divide.

Upon that bloody battlefield a costly marble stands.
To mark the last long resting place of heroes great and
grand;
No more they'll hear the bugle call, or yet the muffled
drum,
But will answer to the roll call when the judgment day
has come.

We Have Them All at Deer Lodge.

Talk about insurance agents,
With their cunning little schemes.
They loom up here at Deer Lodge
Like shadows over streams.
We have the biggest rascals here
That ever forged a check,
A-boarding at this prison pen—
They got it in the neck.

I will tell you how they do it,
And they do it, too, with ease,
Just as easy as a fakir man
Can play his game of peas.
They will drive out to your dwelling
With a spanking team of bays;
They are grafting on a grafted's plan,
A graft that always pays.

“Good morning, Mr. Stebbins,
I have called around to see
If I could write you out today
A life-long policy.”
And he talks so very smoothly
While the other rubs it in,
And they tickle the old farmer
And he soon begins to grin.

Now they tell a funny story
And it has a funny ring,
They are working on the farmer
Just to do the funny thing.
Now they have the farmer moving
And a-coming up the stream,
And the agents they are tickled
Till they almost have to scream.

But they come to some conclusion,
An agreement soon is reached,
And the farmer is a-blooming,
But he soon begins to screech.
When he finds that they have worked him
Well, it isn't any sport,
For the agents now have got him
Where the hair is rather short.

They have wrote him up a policy
A-covering life and death,
To be payable the morning
Of the day he lost his breath.
Now the papers are completed
And you'll hear the farmer squeal,
As they lather him all over
Just to shave him to the heels.

Soon the children they get tickled,
And their mother she did, too,
And when everybody's tickled
Why, it is a tickled crew.
And when everybody's tickled
Why, of course, it tickles you,
But the agents they were tickled,
And tickled through and through.

Old Sorgum started laughing,
And he laughed a rolling gait,
And he never stopped a-laughing.
So he laughed till middling late.
As he thought of all the suckers
Who were willing to be caught
Caused a feeling at his throatway
Like a flapjack when it's hot.

Oh, the different kinds of people
This old world can show up,
The wolf in his sheep clothing
And the drunkard with his cup.

We have them all at Deer Lodge,
The walls are high and strong,
The farmer with his whiskers
And the agent with his song.

They are sitting here with stripes on,
A-musing on the past;
They wish they hadn't done it,
But the musing long will last.
Oh, this world's a curious outfit,
With its honey and its gall,
With its cares and its caresses—
It's a great world after all.

Now you horny-fisted farmers
Let me say to you a word,
If you want to keep your hay seed,
Your horses and your herd,
Just be a little skittish
In believing all you hear,
For those agents tell some whoppers
And they sound a little queer.

Now you old potato raisers,
Who have always took the prize,
A-raising big potatoes
With ninety-seven eyes,
Let the smart insurance agents
With their cute and funny ways,
Work the hills and wooded valleys
Where no human maverick stays.

A Notice on the Lone Cabin on Bridger Creek.

Well, boys, I have the cabin done,
But the fellow isn't here;
But when the grass starts on the hills
I think he will appear.
So I will measure off the land
And set the corner stakes,
And try to whistle up a tune
For the ranch on Bridger Brakes.

A mansard roof is very good,
But a boxcar roof is better,
But what's the use for either one
If the weather is no wetter?
Here's plenty of good water, boys,
To quench your thirsty pains;
Walk over to the spring out there
Or wait until it rains.

Not many women folks about
And things are looking glum—
You had better get a hustle on
And get to going some.
Who told you you could read this?
Say, what are you about?
Only twelve miles to Whiting's store,
Does your mother know you're out?

When the Bronk Begins to Bawl.

It is out here in Montana, which we call the treasure state,
Where we raise the bucking broncho, with the Cowboy up to date:
Where the rich, nutritious grasses gives them muscle, strength and nerve
To go up high and crooked and make the proper curve;
Where we have the best of riders—some are short and some are tall—
But there's always something doing when the bronk begins to bawl.

It is out here in Montana, in the wild and woolly West,
Where the bronk grows to perfection and the Cowboy's at his best;
From the murky picturesque Yellowstone away up to the line
You will find those pitching bronchos and Cowboys in their prime;
From mountain, plain and valley they will answer to the call
To show you something funny when the bronk begins to bawl.

You may gather in your punchers, you may call them all by name,
And every one will answer with a record of his fame;
They will tell you they are twisters from the little town of Fisk,
And can ride the twisting bronchos, no matter how they twist;
But the dust cloud rolling yonder says there's going to be a squall,
And some gent will find a landing when the bronk begins to bawl.

You may be a gallant rider and can turn your broncho loose
While he jumps and springs and wiggles like a little mad cayuse;
You may wear your broad sombreros and your dark Angora schapps,
Or your little Sunday duster, or your heavy winter wraps;
You may have a dandy outfit—saddle, bridle, cinch and all—
But something will be doing when the bronk begins to bawl.

When the rider goes to shaking, turning pale around the gills,
Just as little Annie Sagar does with Oklahoma chills;
When his grip begins to loosen and his strength begins to go
There is not a bit of danger he will pocket up your dough;
When he's left the royal palace and is looking sick and small
The horse will drop his baggage when the bronk begins to bawl.

When the bronk has gone a-fishing somewhere up in a cloud,
And is coming like a thunderbolt and feeling mighty proud,
You may have a pair of rollers as large as motor wheels,
With shanks as long and ugly as a fork of crooked steel;
You must be a twister twisting with a large amount of gall,
For there's always something doing when the bronk begins to bawl.

It is out here in Montana, in the wild and woolly West,
Where the bronk can shake a diamond or the buttons from your vest;

When you saddle up an outlaw, I would have you all to know,
That safety is some distance off and danger close below;
So I warn you, gentle fellow, if you be short or tall,
There's always something doing when the bronk begins to bawl.

When the bronk goes off prospecting twenty feet at every jump,
Skylarking way up yonder, looking for a place to dump;
When he grunts and groans and quivers like a ship caught in a storm,
When his eyes are big and bulging and his breath is mighty warm;
It is then some reckless puncher will answer to his call
And the saddle drop its baggage when the bronk begins to bawl.

How Are You Fixed for Straw?

Reuben was an odd genius in his makeup, in his talk and even in his walk.

Reuben come to visit us
From where he used to roam;
Boarding now at Deer Lodge,
Far away from home.
For Reuben swiped a saddle,
And forgot to swipe the horse;
Sent him up to Deer Lodge—
Got a year, of course.

He says he took a chance once,
Got a solid year;
It looks mighty funny
And it looks mighty queer.

Won't take another chance,
Shan't break a law;
Hello there, calfman,
How are you fixed for straw?

Reuben gets up early
With an easy going smile,
Nothing strange about it,
Only Reuben's style.
In he goes to breakfast,
And at once begins to chaw;
Hello there, calfman,
How are you fixed for straw?

He goes from the table,
Using high falutin slang,
Out upon the sidewalk
Down he goes kerbang.
Sidewalk's mighty icy,
Didn't think I'd fall,
Just went down a-squabbling—
Guess I got it all.

He goes to the loafing shack,
Looking sorter glum;
Starts up a little game,
Gets to going some.
Divy to the jackpot,
Something I can chaw;
Hello there, calfman,
How are you fixed for straw?

Reuben goes to dinner,
Slim around the girt;
Comes out from dinner
Looking like he's hurt.
I want to trade my jackknife,
A peach without a flaw;
Hello there, calfman,
How are you fixed for straw?

Reuben got his nose peeled,
But he can't tell how,
A-playing with the greyhound
Or fooling with the cow.
Reuben's up against it,
Just as sure as you are born;
Snowflakes and sunshine
Driving up a storm.

Reuben goes to breakfast,
Flapjacks mighty hot;
Going to fill your pockets?
Guess you better not.
Reuben starts a-singing,
Hurray and hurrah;
Hello there, calfman,
How are you fixed for straw?

See Reuben coming
With his section boss gait;
He wants to get married
And is looking for a mate.
He has a little sweetheart
Down in Arkansas;
Hello there, calfman,
How are you fixed for straw?

He comes from the loafing shack
A-looking mighty fine,
His heart a-beating tenor
And his feet a-keeping time.
I'm going out tomorrow,
And here's to you my paw;
Hello there, calfman,
How are you fixed for straw?

The Old Slop Mule at Deer Lodge.

I am a good old working mule,
But my life's been very hard,
For twenty years I've hauled the slop
Away from this old yard.
Some years ago the stripes went off
And then went on the brown;
They made a trusty mule of me,
To haul the slop from town.

It's hard to be a little mule,
And work in harness so;
The heavier is the load I have,
The faster I must go.
The cart is such a heavy thing,
And my harness they are, too;
They have to keep my collar tight
To keep from pulling through.

Of drivers I have had a few,
A dozen, more or less;
Jim Doodle is my driver now,
A bum one, too, I guess.
And when my load is tough to pull,
He'll kick me hard and shout,
And when the ladies come around
He always bawls me out.

I've served them well for twenty years,
And done the best of work;
No matter how they loaded me,
I never played the shirk.
But now when old and stiffened up
They drive me with a stick;
But I will show that Dutchman yet
This mule is pretty slick.

He jerks me by the bridle bit
Until my mouth is sore,
And when I toss my head with pain
He always gives me more.
The way I'll fix that Dutchman yet
You need not have a doubt;
I hate to have that driver man
To always bawl me out.

One day to show how mean he was,
He hit me with a scoop;
And then I overturned the cart
And spilled out all the soup.
The hog warden come a-butting in
And hit me with a club;
Just then I sent a lifter out—
He landed in the tub.

They loaded me with slop one day,
And handled me quite rough;
I did not like to have to haul
And smell that horrid stuff.
I started them a-going some,
A gait I couldn't stop;
And run the cart into the creek
And spilled out all the slop.

They worked me over, too, I guess,
But it was all the same;
The old mule had his dander up,
And he was out for game.
And while they fished the old cart out,
I stood so good and still;
They also got the barrels again,
But had to leave the swill.

But convict labor it is cheap
And of the poorest grade;
But I'm a mule that was brought up
A-hummer to my trade.

My heels can run a fanning mill,
My mouth can sing a tune;
I'll round that Dutch hog warden up
And feed him with a spoon.

I'm all right now and feeling fine
To knock that Dutchman out,
To chase him round the opera house
And hear the ladies shout.
Look out for me, I'm coming now,
I'm on the highway route;
I want to meet that Dutchman now
And hear him bawl me out.

I've done that Dutch hog warden up.
He had it in for me;
I only hit him with my breath,
And made him blind, you see.
Two Dutchmen left the burning deck,
And both were looking wise;
The old mule got his dander up
And blackened both their eyes.

Those Dutchmen now are very sick,
And looking awful pale;
They thought to make a tool of me,
In this they both did fail.
For if you treat a mule that way
He'll practice with his feet,
And just as sure as you're alive
He's laying for your meat.

So now I'm done, I've had my tear,
And laid two Dutchmen low;
Will kindly bow my head to you,
With measure, beat and slow.
For some day they will haul me off
Upon the boneyard route,
Where all the Dutchmen in the world
Will never bawl me out.

Malugian at Great Falls Goes to the Circus and Tries to Ride a Trick Mule.

Well, wife, I've landed here at last, and the town it looks
all right,
The streets are wide and handsome and fills me with
delight;
There's about five thousand houses, I'm giving now a
guess,
Many of them two stories high, and some are more or
less.

I went out the other day, dear wife, to take in all the
sights,
I walked along quite proudly, too, I guess I have the
right;
I walked out to the city park, and then and there I found
To my perfect satisfaction that a show had come to town.

So I steered right straight for the circus, and the elephant
he was out,
The people they went nearly wild, you ought to have
heard them shout;
The parade it started early, and it surely was immense,
It reached from the Park hotel, dear wife, out to Lick
Brindle's fence.

I was bound to see the elephant, but they had stretched a
rope, you see,
And while looking for Mr. Elephant, Mr. Elephant he
found me;
He turned me two and twenty and whirled me round and
round,
And left three hundred pounds of flesh just piled upon
the ground.

Well, the people they just hooted me, you ought to have
heard them laugh,
They said old 'Lugian's cow has broke her neck and
nearly killed her calf;
I tell you, dear wife, I felt the shame, I can't tell you
just how,
I think the people mixed me up with my old brindle cow.

But soon I gathered up myself and from that scene did
hie,
And pulled my red bandanner out and wiped my bloody
eye;
I walked a furious, swagglng gait and trying hard to go,
And heard the ladies laugh and say, "Old 'Lugian ain't
so slow."

Well, I crawled into the circus and I saw the merry
clown,
The funniest of the funny men that ever came to town;
He had a great big striped suit, spotted red and yellow,
And when he would unwind himself you know I had to
bellow.

Roar after roar of laughter went around that circus ring,
And when she'd grow a little weak they'd give her an-
other fling;
The funny clown in funny dress then sung a funny song
'Bout his little blue-eyed sweetheart, who he called his
Lucy Long.

He sung it, oh, so nice, dear wife, I wish you had been
there,
It brought to mind old courting days, when you were
young and fair;
When we ran a race together and you beat me from the
start,
When you threw your arms around me and called me
your sweetheart.

Then soon they brought a mule, dear wife, into that
circus ring,
And asked for a man with nerve enough to ride that
ornery thing;
I hollered out, "Here, I'm your chap. I've seen some
mules before,"
Not thinking of his treacherous soul, nor of the other
shore.

I just jumped from off my chair and started for that
mule,

And heard the people laugh and say, "Malugian's an old
fool;"

I took a glance around the ring and seen the hoodlums
grin,

Then I just scooted up my sleeves and boldly waded in.

You know when I was young, dear wife, I was limber
as an eel,

But still there's mettle enough in me to make that critter
squeal;

I said I'd ride that ornery mule or learn him a new trick,
And if I couldn't break him in I'd make him awful sick.

I landed quick upon his back, the people shouted, "Go!"
The ladies clapped their hands and said, "Old 'Lugian
ain't so slow;"

I grabbed him by his stubby tail, threw both legs round
his neck,

And bravely there I stayed with him like the boy on the
burning deck.

He went around that circus ring as hard as he could
hump,

A-making twenty feet or more at nearly every jump;
Then soon he changed his method quick, but found it
wouldn't work,

And went up yonder thirty feet and came down with a
jerk.

He made another fearful jump, my eyes rolled out afar,
It seemed I almost then could see the gates that stand
ajar;
Then down he came all doubled up, his head between
each leg,
But I was still a-staying there a-playing mumblypeg.

Then up again into the air he circled, churned and twist,
But spurred him with my old brogans and fanned him
with my fist;
Then gently he descended like, and to earth again did
shoot,
For he had been away up there like an airship on a toot.

His eyes seemed now to be of fire, his heels seemed full
of danger,
For he had on his back, you know, three hundred pounds
of stranger;
Then I soon began to wonder how he could hold out so
long,
And found that he was yet wound up for fifteen hours'
strong.

He seemed to go asleep awhile, then made another lark,
And flashed around that circus ring like lightning after
dark;
And then away from earth he went a-twisting through
the skies,
I said farewell, old circus ring, and wiped my weeping
eyes.

When we got back to the circus ring, there nothing
looked the same,
My pardner he had lost his tail and I soon lost my name;
The mule got back that very day with eyeballs big and
wide,
He landed in the circus ring, but I away outside.

I gathered up myself, dear wife, the very best I could,
But no doubt left some flesh and bones in the place
 where once I stood;

For when I started off, dear wife, I did a wobbling go,
Then noticed I had lost a leg and part of my big toe.

Now all you Western riders, don't come up against a
 mule,

For if you do some day you'll rue, and you will be the
 fool;

That mule has all his meanness yet; yes, meaner than
 before,

While big Malugian, the old cow, will ride the mule no
 more.

On Mount Powell, Montana.

We climbed Mt. Powell's rocky slope
 Till on its topmost crag,
We stood and looked from it afar
 Beyond the sagebrush sag.

Away beyond this great divide
 Are mountains deep with snow,
To water well the fruitful fields
 That nestle close below.

It's here they rear their lofty herds
 Unchanged by time or fate,
Bold and defiant here they stand
 In this great treasure state.

Whenever I leave this prison house
 I'll have within my breast
Rich peace and love a-dwelling there
 That gives eternal rest.

The Boys at Billings.

Talk about your pitching horses,
Your saddles and corrals,
But the Billings boys can ride them
To a sweet and long farewell.

It's out across the Yellowstone,
Two miles from Billings flat,
You'll find the Conway old corral
And all the boys thereat.

Jack Herford, he is in the swim,
With Lowther, too, his chum,
And Hayden George is twisting bronks
And isn't on the bum.

There is Lanky Jack, the wrangler,
From somewhere in the state,
He swings into the saddle
And rides them all first-rate.

He may pull a little leather,
And the pulling not be slow,
But he'll fan them with his quirt
And ride them for the dough.

There's Albert Caton, you all know,
He saddled up a bronk,
And when he got the saddle on
He soon began to romp.

He quickly danced an Irish jig,
Then shot into the air,
Turned over before he hit the ground,
But landed square and fair.

But soon again he took a start,
And bucked toward the sun,
He met some others coming down,
But dodged them one by one.

The way he smashed that saddle up
Showed well the bronk was game,
But Albert kept the old hull on
And rode him just the same.

If you think the Billings boys can't ride
Just come and watch them try,
They give an exhibition free
Beneath the earth and sky.

There's Wesley Cagle, the old boy,
You never hear him squeal,
But pours the music from his throat
When he puts to the steel.

He rides them in a circle,
Or he rides them in a line,
And he plays his rolling prodders
Till the bronk goes fine.

There's George Clark, a Billings boy,
A twister true to name;
When Georgie's cinch is fastened tight
No broncho gets the game.

He keeps his spurs a-digging
And his quirt a-keeping time,
And he rides Sir Mr. Broncho
Till the stars begin to shine.

Goodbye, my boys, I've had my say,
Now I must jump the fence,
For I've wrote my paper up
And found I've just commenced.

Farewell, Titanic, Proud Ship of the Sea.

Gone is the great Titanic, gone to the home of the brave,
Gone are the sixteen hundred, down to a watery grave;
Gone are the kind and the loving under the blue sea
 foam,

Gone from the mansion and palace never again to roam.

Husbands and wives now parting, never again to meet,
Mothers and sons now drifting, never again to greet;
Gone are the brave and daring, down into the deep blue
 sea,

Gone from the home-loving circle and sad is their fate
 to me.

Men thought this great modern vessel could never be
 wrecked,

She was large, strong and powerful, and most beautifully
 decked;

In luxury, in speed and in comfort she was all that
 could be,

But she could not contend with the troops of the sea.

With scarcely a warning they sank down to their rest,
Like a group of brave warriors with a star on their
 breast;

They had heaps of great treasures, but the summons had
 come,

Their journey now ended and their life's work was done.

In no grave made with hands could those brave heroes
 sleep.

But out with the seaweeds in the midst of the deep;

With no earth to its earth, and no dust to its dust,

'Neath the foam of old ocean they must sleep to His
 trust.

But of all the brave women in that ocean-tossed crew
There were none quite so brave, there were none quite
so true,
As Mrs. Isador Straus, clinging fast to her husband till
death did them part,
Being true, brave and loyal to the last throb of her heart.

Oh, how feeble are the genius of frail, fleeting men
'Gainst the forces of nature as it proved to be then;
Now they rest, now they sleep 'neath the white-crested
foam,
With no clasp on their casket and no door on their tomb.

Farewell, proud Titanic, farewell now to thee,
Thy pride has been humbled by the troops of the sea;
Farewell to thy brave in their long, dreamless sleep,
To mingle with seaweeds in the trough of the deep.

The Knot That Hands Have Tied.

When love goes thumping through your heart,
With its great sweep and swing,
You are very apt to tie yourself
To a most worthless thing.

So, to you I come on friendly terms
And ask you to restrain
That current of magnetic love
That's thumping through your veins.

And be sure the marriage knot is made
By hearts that's true and tried,
For the divorce can soon undo
The knots that hands have tied.

No human courts will feel the pain,
No human hands the stain,
But there upon life's record sheet
A blot will long remain.

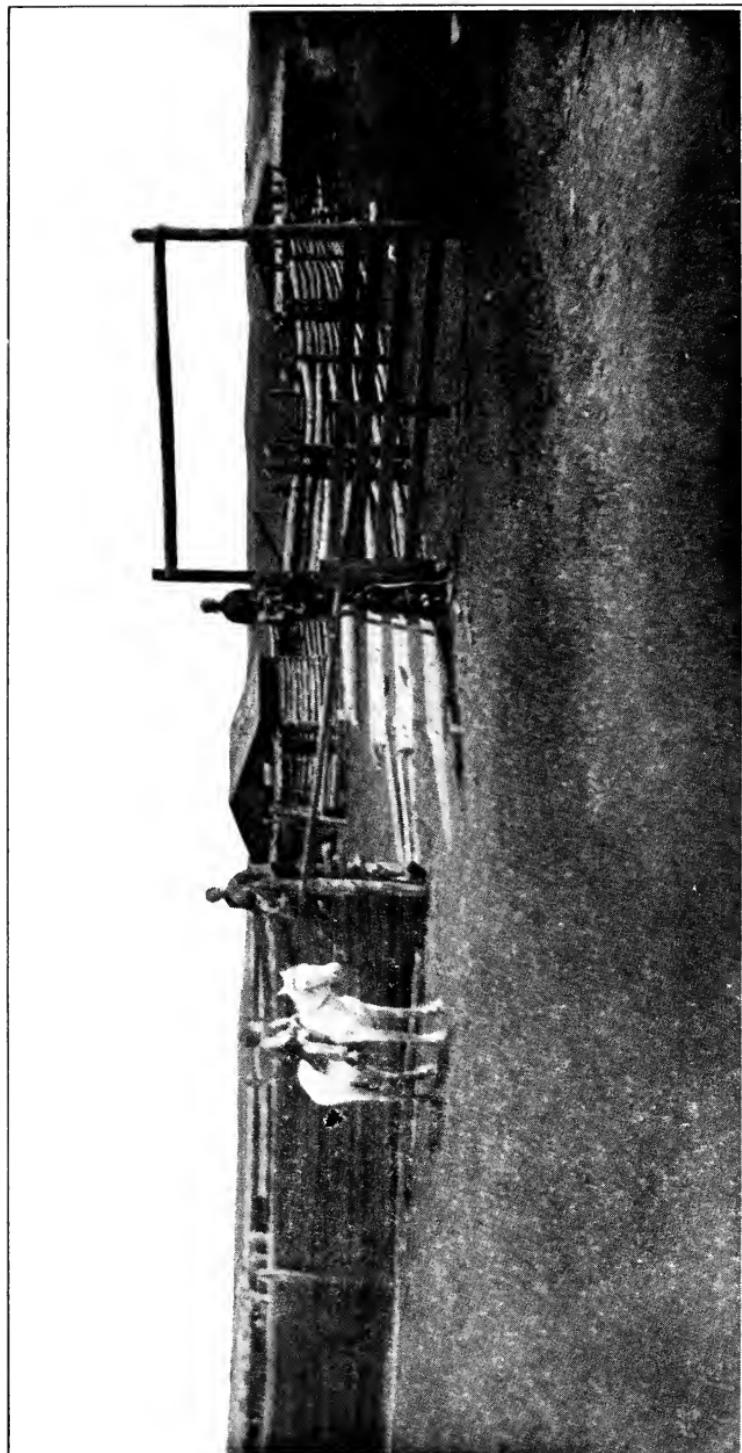
The Old Stockade Corral.

There's a happy time a-coming
For the old stockade corral,
When the calf is up a-sucking
And the chickens bust the shell.
When the fire is just a-popping
And the coffee smoking hot,
I want to tell you fellows
It's a regular garden spot.

The old stockade's exploding
With her agriculturing wealth,
The air is soft and balmy,
Very dry and full of health.
But the wind it keeps a-blowing
Like it did down in the strip.
And prairie dogs a-sneezing
Like they all have got the grip.

This is at the head of Bridger,
Far from the county seat,
Twenty miles from Absarokee,
A town that's hard to beat;
Where the golden stars do twinkle
And the rattlesnake abound,
And where the pitching broncho
At the old stockade is found.

There's a happy time a-coming,
And it's coming pretty soon,
A warm chinook is blowing
And has kept it up since noon.
It's coming, yes, it's coming,
The happy time of spring,
When the doves will be all mating
And the whippoorwills will sing.



The Old Stockade Corral.

Soon the mountains will be humming
With the happy song of spring,
And the chickens will be hatching
In that incubator thing.
So we'll keep the fire a-heating
Till the eggs begin to pop,
And their little wings a-growing
Till their big enough to flop.

The old stockade's a-booming,
All we lack now is a school,
She is coming to the front
Like the Dutchman on the mule.
We'll have incubator chickens
And hoppers by the peck,
If we only had a railroad
We would have a railroad wreck.

We can hear the dog wolf hollow
In the foothills for his mate,
And see the shy kioolee
When the day is getting late.
Cowboys thick and plentiful,
And they always treat you well,
And everything is humming
At the old stockade corral.

Van Sagendorf is coming back,
He's as fat as any pig,
His horses, too, are looking well,
Old Sallie, Sam and Nig.
Jase Jowell, too, another chum,
I think I hear him yell,
And we all meet together
At the old stockade corral.

I'm glad that Jim is coming back
And rowing up the tide,
For I feel sort of lonely like
Since the old gray pony hied.

But had he only lived till spring
I hardly thing he'd died;
So now I have no circus horse,
I only have his hide.

We will have a cowboy picnic
When the Fourth it comes around,
And we'll have some pitching bronchos
That will shake the very ground.
The tablecloth for dinner
Will be white as any sheet,
And the fiddle will make music
For the cowboys' willing feet.

We will whiten up the cabin floor
And rosin up the bow,
While the mavericks join the roundup
In a way that won't be slow.
Cowboys and girls a-dancing
With their light angora schapps,
And grandma sitting grinning
In her calico and wraps.

The old stockade's a stunner,
She has plenty of room and air,
Plenty of good, clear, cold water
And plenty of grass to spare.
Of course, we have no wonders
Such as twenty-story shacks,
But lots of bear and bobcats,
And sometimes cougar tracks.

Here we have no city beauties,
Nor we have no city crooks,
But we have a great plantation
Like you read about in books.
Here you feel a joyful gladness
Like a mantle wrap your soul,
And the clouds of melancholy
From Despair's dark island roll.

Here the bright and smiling sunrise
Early lightens up the room
And drives away the darkness
When a soul is plunged in gloom.
Here we have no pesky agents,
Nor the crazy city swell,
But we have just prime perfection
At the old stockade corral.

The old stockade is lovely
In the good old summer time,
When the doggies are a-browsing
'Mong the flowers and the vines.
So come along cowpunchers,
We will entertain you well
With good eating and good drinking
At the old stockade corral.

In Those Old Round-Up Days. (*Song.*)

I left my home a wandering lad,
And bound to see the world,
While father said, "Oh, Tommy dear,
Your wandering flag unfurled,
You have a mother, old and gray,
A father good and kind;
Your mother's heart will break for you
If you leave her behind."

I went toward the setting sun
That lights the evening sky,
My heart was light, my eyes were bright,
For I was young and spry.

I saw the buffalo on the plains,
The Red Man in his home,
'Twas then I thought of mother dear
When far away did roam.

In this wild land I cast my lot
With the roundup and the range,
And here I've rode and here I've roamed,
And here I've seen a change.
Today the range is all fenced up,
Long grass no longer waves,
And the poor old measly locoed sheep
Feed round the cowboy's grave.

I found the boys good riders there,
And the bronchos rather rough,
But quick and limber as an eel,
And made of Western stuff.
You can talk about gymnasium clubs
And the athletic exercise,
But give me a bronk for the real old stuff,
And the dust from the rangeland flies.

For thirty years I've rode or roamed
O'er mountain, hill and plain,
My feet have trod the hunting grounds
Where buffalo have been slain.
My eyes have viewed the roundup camp,
Where punchers had full sway,
And many a bronk would buck the game
In those old roundup days.

I now extend a friendly hand
To the boy of long ago,
To the old range land and the old range man
When the roundup wasn't slow.
I now take off my Stetson hat
To the boys of then and now,
To the old-time days, to the old-time ways,
To the long-horned steer and cow.



"My eyes have viewed the roundup camp."

Down at the Alamo.

(Song.)

A solemn thought comes o'er me,
As I stand gazing round,
To think that I have wandered
From Texas' sunny ground.
I love old sunny Texas
And the days of long ago,
When those brave heroes fought and fell
Down at the Alamo.

Away down on the Brazos,
Where burning sands are deep,
Away down there at Alamo
The dead were piled in heaps.
Away down in this southland
Sleep the men of long ago,
Who fought and fell so bravely
Down at the Alamo.

The flowers bloom as sweetly,
The grass grows just as green,
And in memory lives those noble men
Bright as a silver sheen.
But what an awful change has been
Since the days of long ago
Since those brave heroes fought and fell
Down at the Alamo.

Long years ago the mustang
Made the rangers' fiery steed,
Where once the shaggy buffalo
And the long-horned steer did feed.
Those were the days of long ago
When the cowboy then could ride
With elbow room to swing his rope
Where 'twas sunny, lone and wide.

The sands of time are running,
The years go quickly by,
Tomorrow we'll be old folk,
Quite ready then to die.
Then when our earthly spirit
Returns to God again,
May we say, Dear Father, judge us.
As we judged our fellowmen.

The Lone Star state is coming,
Marching right up to the front,
Her citizens are loyal,
You hear no whine nor grunt.
"Come down and live among us,"
She whispers soft and low,
"You will find a hearty welcome
'Mongst the friends of Alamo."

Yes, friendship still is dear to us.
And friendly hands the same,
With friendly ones to help us some
While bucking at life's game.
So here's to the state of Texas,
To the men of long ago,
Who fought and fell in battle
Down at the Alamo.

I love the state of Texas,
She fills my heart with pride,
I love the state of Texas,
'Cause she's sunny, lone and wide.
I love her sunlit prairies,
I love her burning sand,
I love all her wide border
Out to the Rio Grande.

Hurrah for sunny Texas,
Let it ring from sea to sea,
For it's down in sunny Texas
Is where I want to be.

Hurrah for Sammie Houston,
A man that wasn't slow,
And hurrah for those brave heroes
That fell at Alamo.

The Cowboy's Wild Song to His Herd.

One beautiful night when the moon was full,
And the air was crisp and clear,
A cowboy lay on the starlit plains
And thought of his home so dear.
He thought of his mother he loved so well,
And the slumber of sleep was blurred,
Not a sound to be heard but those of the night,
As he sang a wild song to his herd.

The cattle are laying so quiet and still
On the carpet that mantles the West,
While the golden lamps from the sky of night
Sing peace to the cowboy's breast.
Still he thinks of his mother in the far away land,
And his thoughts by its memory are stirred,
And he sees himself back to the old home again,
As he sings a wild song to his herd.

He is far from the din of the city noise,
Where the lamps of folly do shine,
He is far from the brawls of the dives of sin
And the flow of the sparkling wine.
He is in the great West with its mantle of green,
Where his neighbors say never a word,
A land of mirages, mountains and plains,
Where the cowboy sings low to his herd.

The Rustler Gets the Blame.

There's a big boy up on Bridger,
And I see he's made a kick,
He speaks about some rustlers,
Who of late are very slick.

As he stands in his old cabin
And looks out upon the bluff,
He says the weather has been fine,
But now it's awful rough.

Now he steps from out the cabin,
Views the archway of the sky,
And he sees the pesky doggies
Have been climbing awful high.

Then he walks back in his cabin
With a woe begotten frown—
I wish that bloomin' critter
Would quit roarin' and come down.

He's been up there a week or more,
His mother down to feed,
But I never will go after him,
He's got the loco weed.

When feed's put out next morning
The critter still is there,
And the other hungry doggies
Gulping down its little share.

Then Fred does some awful thinking,
Acts though about to cry,
But he doomed it to destruction,
So alas, the calf must die.

This is the way in many a case
Where the rustler gets the blame,
Their carcasses grace the hilltop
And likewise the public lane.

Well I've said enough, I guess,
And no longer will detain,
But look up a bloomin' carcass,
And perhaps it will explain.

So go on, put up your cabin
And plant your garden seed,
And drive those hungry critters down
From off the loco weed.

Getting My Old Calf Pants Washed.

I send you in my old calf pants,
The only ones I've got,
For three long months I've cherished them
Until they took the rot.

Of course I hate to send them in
They are so smooth and slick.
They cover my long, limbering shanks
Where on the calves do lick.

I think the guard is stuck on them,
I seen him give the wink,
As if to say your pants are stout—
I think perhaps they stink.

I would like to have another pair,
But I'll not ask for them,
And all the guards with one accord
To this will say amen.

So wash them clean, take off the smell,
And fix them where they're tore,
And send them out to me again
To last three months or more.

Early Days of the Cherokee Strip.

These verses I have written I hope you all will read,
And to their simple story I trust you will give heed;
My name is nothing extra, it is neither Jim nor Joe,
But when I have no golddust I am always on the go.

We now will leave the thirsty strip for twenty days or
more,
Go to the state of Kansas, where we have been before;
We have lots of heat and sunshine, but it's hard to live
on wind,
I see the boomers of the Strip are getting mighty thin.

The Strip has got the measles and we'll pull out for the
mumps,
For I hate to see poor hungry men a-wrestling with the
dumps;
So we'll harness up the dear old mules and go off on
the fly,
For when we leave the Strip, you know, it's root hog or
die.

We have lots in the Strip to be thankful for, you bet,
For when the weather isn't hot it's mighty cold and wet;
We have rattlesnakes and centipedes, but cannot name
the rest,
And when the sun shines out the day it soon goes down
the west.

But we are coming back again when the geese begin to
flock,
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in
the shock;

We'll tie up here on White Horse and have a good old time,
Our neighbors are so far apart we never hear them whine.

But when we do get home again, you bet we will be glad,
Where the sandburs are a-booming and the wolves are mighty bad;
We will whistle for the monkeys and we'll dance a jamboree,
While the dog has got the opossum and the coon is in the tree.

Oh, the crowing of the roosters and the barking of the dogs,
And the hiking of the rabbit as he hikes into a log;
The bawling of the cattle and the braying of the mules,
And the rattling of the wagon and the clinking of the tools.

It sort of makes us boomers feel it good to be alive,
And can watch the little honey bee a-humming to her hive;
When we can eat our dinners with an appetite that's great,
And can get away with supper long before it's very late.

Everything is booming like a river in the Spring,
For the Strip is now a-coming and a-trying hard to sing;
The yellow spotted pussy cat is running to the south,
And our little kids have got a running at the mouth.

Everything is moving with power, love and will,
For the Strip has got its sweetness and the Strip has got its swill;
See them coming in their wagons from little Eastern lanes,
A-gallivanting Westward a-squabbling for the game.

Now we are back again, and thankful, too, for that,
Our cattle they are rustlers and are getting mighty fat;
The ducks are all good swimmers, but the creek is nearly
dry,
But it's big pig or little pig, it's root hog or die.

We are all just as happy as an Oklahoma dream,
Or a monkey in the kitchen or a kitten in the cream;
Our baby is a-grinning like a woodchuck on a rock,
And her little tongue a-clickin' like a tickin' of a clock.

Nature is a-trying to get on her bran new dress,
And the rolling plains a-shining with springtime loveli-
ness;
Oh, I tell you that she's spinning like a pickaninny top,
And our tub of joy is brimming and it seems about to
slop.

Our sorrow's turned to gladness and our gloom is put
to route,
Our joy is getting deeper and our faith begins to sprout;
The prairie dogs are barking and a-sneezing with the
grip,
Oh, I tell you we are thankful that we live out in the
Strip.

Yes, we are back again and a-feeling mighty good,
We wouldn't leave the Strip, no, we wouldn't if we
could;
And if you want to call a while and sit down on the
floor,
Remember that the latch string hangs outside the cabin
door.

Stolen Shoe Strings.

After having my shoestrings stolen out of my shoes in the loafing shack I wrote the following verses and put them up where all could read them:

NOTICE.

There is a thief, a sneaking thief,
A shoestring stealing cur,
Who lays around this loafing shack
To steal from him or her.

But since there is no her about
I think it must be him,
But say, old pard, a chance to ride.
I think is rather slim.

I think I'll take my shoestrings out
And put my shoes away,
For if I don't this stealing cur
Will steal them both today.

Bring back my shoestrings now, old pard,
Or I may rip and snort,
And you may reach the dark, dark hole
They have at this resort.

A few days after my shoestrings were returned, hung up by the looking glass, with the following verses from someone, "Begging Beggs' Pardon":

"You say there was a him around
And that there was no her,
And that's the very reason why
You made use of word cur.

“Your laces they were taken
In an idle sort of way,
And because I had use for them
Was the reason they did not stay.

“In speaking of the dungeon,
Why, it seems like regular sport,
And the same about your holler
And your cheap old rip and snort.

“Now like a good Samaritan
I bring the laces back to you,
And hope you have the gumption
To acknowledge favor, too.

“Your pardon to me I hope you grant
And that you do not feel offended,
And if you will comply with this,
Why, then my labor is ended.”

In reply I wrote the following verses and hung them up in the same place :

PARDON GRANTED.

I want to say to you, dear sir,
When I was in despair,
I saw upon the looking glass
Those laces hanging there.

My heart received a little shock,
Then to them I drew near,
And from their perch I took them down,
How sweet they did appear.

Like peach buds in the morning dew,
Or roses in full bloom;
Those verses decked with old shoestrings
Soon drove away my gloom.

Your verses, too, well set to rhyme,
Like the fisher's old hornpipe;
With thanks to you I'm frank to say
The writer is no snipe.

The reason that you give, old pard,
Is an unfailing sign
That inhumanity to man
In human hearts recline.

A pardon, yes, I grant to you
With honor great and high,
As beautiful as the rainbow,
Transparent as the sky.

And when I cross old Jordan stream,
Beyond the Great Divide,
I hope to find you there, old pard,
A-sitting by my side.

He replied by writing the following verses :

SHOE LACES.

“What peculiar things do happen
From a little sort of thing,
And bring about results
Of which all poets sing.

“Those laces were a godsend
It does appear to me,
For now it has me started
Writing verses, as you see.

“I may not be proficient,
But hope to be in time,
As able as the ablest
To make my verses rhyme.

“Anything for recreation,
As you hear some people say,

Might be risky in some instances,
But hardly in this way.

“To meet on River Jordan
Would make my bliss complete,
But I don’t know what St. Peter
Has written on my sheet.

“My fears are not unusual,
As I presume you know,
For I doubt if we, a person,
Can tell where Spirits go.

“The wedding suit I’ve never worn,
But think some day I may,
If I can find the proper girl
And with me she will stay.

“I do not think that lace shoes
Are the proper thing to wear,
So I will wear the rowells
If I climb the golden stair.
Yours, etc.”

I replied to him in the following verses, but never got any reply. I never found out who it was. He knew me, but I did not know him :

SHOE LACES.

You see, old pard, dear sir, and friend,
Our verses come and go,
Just like the seed that’s cast abroad
Which we poor mortals sow.

I’m glad you found them there, old pard,
Above that looking glass,
Where spicy verse with shoestrings old
Entwined the little mass.

I don't know who you are, old pard,
I can't make out your name,
But trust that you shall yet walk up
The gilded path of fame.

The wedding suit I spoke about,
And the one no wealth can buy,
Is the one which gives a title
To the mansion in the sky.

That's the one we both should strive for
In this world of want and woe,
Where the devil fires the furnace,
And his work is never slow.

But to win a prize like this, old pard,
Takes courage, faith and hope
To climb the ladder round by round
And tug upon its rope.

To be a bright and shining light
In this dark world of sin,
To lift a fallen brother up
While hardened devils grin.

May ray of love and light and truth
Along your path be seen,
Till God points out a resting place
Where you may love to lean.

We seem to all be fastened here
With selfish cares and ties,
But prison sorrow cuts a string
And urges us to rise.

Goodbye, dear friend, come once again
And visit me in rhyme
While loitering round this old resort
To pass away the time.
Goodbye.

Naming the Baby.

Put on your brand new calico
And grease my Sunday boots,
And climb onto the wagon,
For we're going over to Tute's.
I have just been down to Tutie's
And have come home awful quick,
For Tutie named the baby.
And the baby now is sick.

I'll feed the mules some oats and eggs,
Say a dozen, two or three,
And you shall hold the whip, dear wife,
The ribbons give to me.
For Tutie named the baby,
And she named him good and fine,
Called him little young Joe Lucifer
John Wesley Stewart Kime.

Of all the names I've read about,
In poetry or prose,
I think this one will take the lead,
And surely take the rose.
I tried to write it down, dear wife,
But goodness what a time,
To write little young Joe Lucifer
John Wesley Stewart Kime.

Although I'm middling good to write
I couldn't write it right,
But still I tried and tried again,
And tried with all my might.
Tutie then just wrote it down,
And wrote it in no time,
And wrote little young Joe Lucifer
John Wesley Stewart Kime.

Talk about your pretty women
And your fickle minded men,
But here's a name that's long enough
To set the world on end.
If it isn't a prize taker
You can have that pup of mine,
It is little young Joe Lucifer
John Wesley Stewart Kime.

Our mules you know are goers,
Like hubby on the dock,
We are hastening now to Tutie's,
We are traveling by the clock.
It is sure a rushing business
And must be there on time
To see little young Joe Lucifer
John Wesley Stewart Kime.

Oats and eggs are just the stuff
For bony mules I'm sure,
And it really is surprising
What a drive they will endure.
Two strong miles a minute,
Says Paddy on the Rhine,
Will catch little young Joe Lucifer
John Wesley Stewart Kime.

We are turning now the corner,
We are hitting hard the road,
We are reaping now the harvest
That we long ago have sowed.
We are getting there like Eli,
And getting there on time,
To gaze at little young Joe Lucifer
John Wesley Stewart Kime.

Only just about a minute more,
And isn't that first-rate?

Now Tutie sees us coming
And is standing at the gate.
Doesn't she look happy though?
And how the pate does shine
Of that little young Joe Lucifer
John Wesley Stewart Kime.

His little pate is balder
Than the top of Teton Peaks;
And his little chin in sympathy
With the dimples in his cheeks.
His little nose and eagle eye
Is a sure and certain sign
That it's little young Joe Lucifer
John Wesley Stewart Kime.

How he came to get this comic name
I'm sure I cannot tell,
But according to my measurement
It is six foot and an ell.
But Tutie named the baby,
And she named him good and fine,
Called him little young Joe Lucifer
John Wesley Stewart Kime.

The Tar Daubers of Shady Bend, Kansas.

To the Shady Bend tar daubers,
Oh, shame upon you men,
The proper place for you to land
Will be inside the pen.
Oh, what a shocking shame it was
To treat a lady so,
How degrading and how devilish,
How shameful and how low.

McNamara used the dynamite,
The Shady Bend the tar,
But Justice with her own right hand
Has swat them all a scar.
A prosecutor rallied forth
And hurried to the field,
He cinched the guilty triflers up
And cinched them till they squealed.

It's hurrah for California,
The land of orange bloom,
Where the orchards and the gardens
Are filled with sweet perfume.
But pity the McNamara boys,
Who in the pen reside,
And where so many men drift in
To cross the great divide.

It's hurrah for sunny Kansas,
That great sunflower state,
But shame upon tar daubers
Who are trembling for their fate.
Yes, change the name of Shady Bend
And scour up your town,
And by your clean and spotless lives
May live your scandal down.

A Stampede in North Dakota.

Talk about your milling cattle and stampede on the plains,
When ever a critter going like a southbound lightning train,
When the heavens are black with darkness, frowning like the child of sin
And heavy hailstones falling with a fierce, terrific wind.
When the lightning vivid flashes shows up an angry sky
And you see the long-horned cattle going past you on the fly,
When the peals of mighty thunder seems to shake the very dome,
It is then the old cowpuncher lets his thoughts drift off to home.

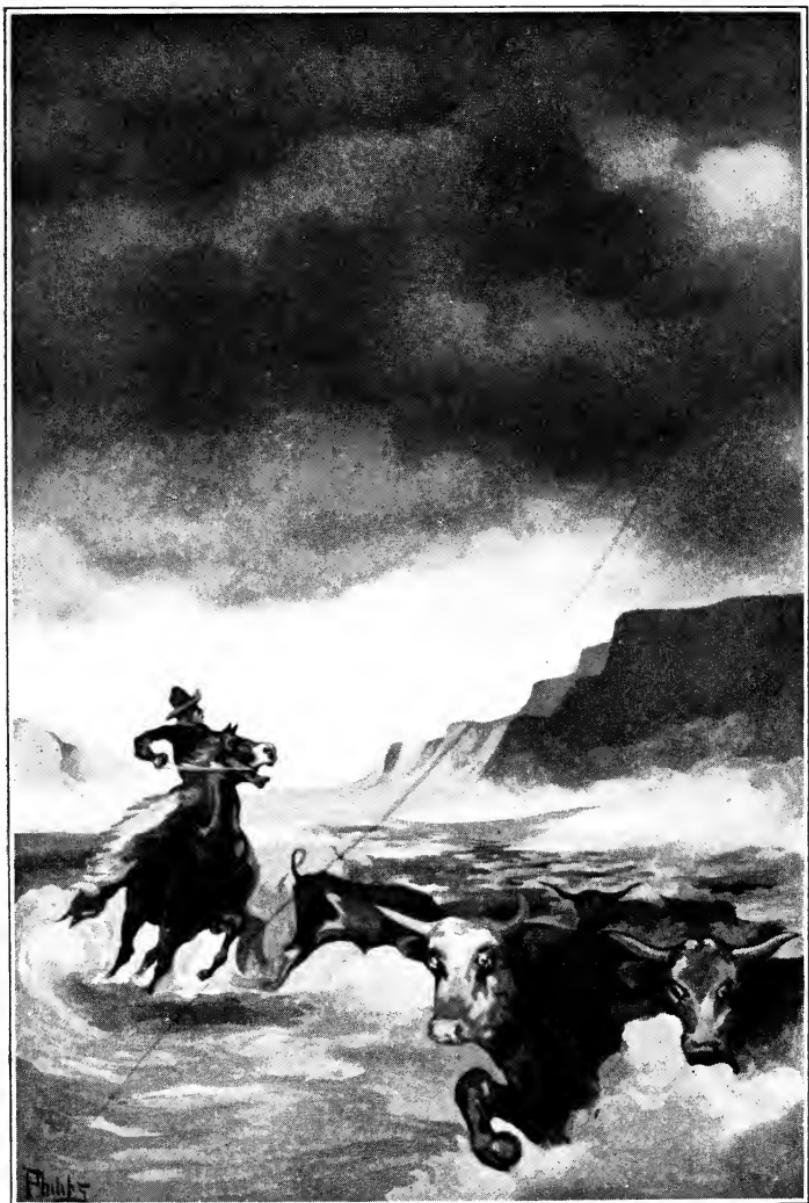
When horns and hoofs are clinking you have hardly time to think,
For their double-jointed motions are like skaters on a rink;
Fall in behind the outfit, you may jump or swim the streams,
And if they still keep running you may find them in your dreams.
So swing into the saddle with your slicker buttoned tight
And dodge the breakneck bagger holes by flashes of the light,
And if you ride till morning I will bet a horse you'll eat An oven full of biscuits and a whole hind leg of meat.

It was up in North Dakota and a-way late in the fall,
We had a lively stampede as the wind set up a squall;
They belonged to Wadworths Brothers from the little Missouri range,
And they ran for nearly forty miles through country rough and strange.

They started east at Big Square Butte, run to Knife River Flats,
Soaked through and through, with steers all gone, and cold and wet as rats,
On the river flat we lay that night with rain a-pouring down,
And not a dry thread anywhere about us could be found.

“When a storm comes down a-swooping when you’re riding on the plains
And the chilly damps of morning starts your rheumatiz again,
When your bones ain’t got no marrow and your stomach’s empty, too,
And there ain’t no smell of coffee to change the grey to blue.”
When you shiver to the marrow as you crawl from out your bed
And go feeling in your pockets for a wrap to tie your head,
It is then when you’re at breakfast I will bet a horse you’ll eat
An oven full of biscuits and a whole hind leg of meat.

“We never carry old forty rods in bottles old or new,
For us fellows on the ranges know what tangleleg can do;
But let me ask one question, When a puncher rides all night,
Keeping track of running cattle with the lightning for his light,”
And he’s sick and soaked and sleepy riding hard all through the night,
Would you grudge the poor old puncher one good big honest bite?
Then sit him down to breakfast and I’ll bet a horse he’ll eat
An oven full of biscuit and a whole hind leg of meat.



"And they ran for nearly forty miles through country rough and strange."

Well you see those cattle grazing near the top of that divide,
They're the ones we punchers rounded after forty miles of ride;
And a wetter, colder outfit you never yet have seen
A-leaving old Knife River as the sun began to gleam.
But I guess we'll all live through it, and our old cow-ponies, too,
But I have not yet forgotten how those long, lean, wild-eyed doggies flew;
And when we got round to breakfast I'll bet a horse we ate
An oven full of biscuits and a whole hind leg of meat.

Where storms come hard and swooping I have roamed for many years,
But to look about on the old-time range, it almost brings the tears;
For the sheep have eat off all the grass till bare as my old boots,
And today the robbers still are there a-gnawing at the roots;
Yes, they still keep coming, they are crossing every bridge,
And the stinking old range robbers cover nearly every ridge;
You will hear the sorghum peelers as a storm upon the ground
When the crazy old sheepherder with his stinking sheep comes round.

Cowpunching now is done away and the land is all corralled.
Bought up by wealthy sheepmen and fenced to a fare-you-well;
The long-horned steer has gone away, they could not stand the scent,
They crowded in their stinking sheep, and off the range they went.

Well, we've had our time of riding through blizzard and
the storm,
So I guess you'll not begrudge us a smack of something
warm;
It is good, hot, smoking biscuits, and I'll bet a horse
we'll eat
A yard of apple butter with a whole hind leg of meat.

Just a little one-horse roundup is all we have today,
While cowpunchers ride the grub line and have a funny
way;
But I guess I'll not be kickin', she is off with me, I'm
done,
For I'm like an old cow pony that's forgotten how to run.
I'll trade off my rope and saddle and give my gun away
And go down to old Missouri, and there I'll live and stay,
And dream of the old-time cow songs and the ones I have
forgot,
Will I forget you then, old pard? Well, no, I reckon
not.

When Lillie Roundup Throws Her Rope.

When Lillie Roundup throws her rope
She casts a figure four,
As it goes twirling through the air
For thirty feet or more;
And as it drops around the steer
It is an amusing sight,
For Lillie with both feet is there
A-sitting taut and tight.

The estimation of herself
In her own eyes are great:
She says she's champion roper,
The best that's in the state.
Young Lillie is a pretty girl
With wavy light brown hair,
As beautiful as Pete Pillman's wife
And almost twice as fair.

"I wish I had a swifter horse,"
She said one day to me,
"Then I would challenge anyone
No matter who he'd be.
Bill Dulin has a dandy horse,
I wish that he was mine,
I believe that I could rope and tie
In just two seconds' time."

"I have a little sorrel out there
Somewhere by Buzzard Butte,
I'll go and catch him up tonight,
A cinch that he will suit.
When you first swing in the saddle
He may act a little strange,
But say, he's a real 'go get her'
And the peach of all the range."

“Thank you, old pard, I wish you would
And have him in on time,
And I will practice up a bit
And show you where I shine.”
That night the little sorrel came in,
A truly noble mount,
But when he made a prospect trip
He made it quick and stout.

The little sorrel next morning
Was brought into the string,
A-stepping high and fancy
To the tune of the Highland Fling.
The punchers all grew anxious,
As all good punchers do,
And Lillie was a-watching them
With her great eyes of blue.

When everything was ready
The circus then began,
Then hurrah for Lillie Roundup,
Come beat her if you can.
She walked up to Mr. Broncho
Like a brave, sweet little girl,
Swung herself into the saddle
As the bronk began to whirl.

Three jumps, five jumps, twenty, more or less,
Up hill, down hill, everywhere, I guess;
The bronk has his baggage, Lillie has the game,
Five dollars, ten dollars, she rides him all the same.

Sunfish, catfish, always on his feet,
Wild bronk, merry bronk, pitching is complete;
Long winded, double jointed, acrobatic clown,
Ten dollars, twenty dollars, plank the money down.

Little bronk, big bronk, turning left and right,
Thirty jumps, forty jumps, isn't he a fright?
Hairy bronk, wild bronk, Lillie's doing fine—
Forty jumps, fifty jumps, riding all the time.

Side step, two step, but can't shake her off,
Sixty jumps, seventy jumps, bronk begins to cough;
Lillie's in the saddle, the reins in her hand,
Riding Mr. Broncho just to beat the band.

Bad bronk, mad bronk, ride you plum to death,
Eighty jumps, ninety jumps, better take your breath;
Wobbly bronk, sick bronk, sides begin to thump.
All in and called in and can't make a jump.

Now Lillie Roundup is the girl
That does look good to me,
A thousand others by her side,
No one so good as she.
She rode that pitching broncho
From Besheba unto Dan,
Hurrah for Lillie Roundup,
Come beat her if you can.

Now Lillie with her sunny eyes,
We call her Lil for short,
Is just the sweetest little flower
That blooms in this resort.
And bring on your pitching bronchos
If you are on the pike,
And little Lillie Roundup
Will ride them all alike.

Montana, the Gem of the West.

I will sing of Montana, the gem of the West,
And a wonderful story relate;
I will sing of the charms, the crops and the soil
Of the marvelous great Treasure State.
It's a wonderful country, surpassingly fine,
Where the hand of the Master doth rest,
Where the Angel of Peace plants the flowers of love
To bloom on the trail of the West.

Of course we are proud of this great Treasure State,
And proud of her mansions and spires;
It speaks out the throbings of our frail hearts
And fills us with greater desires.
Here dreams of the future will come and will play,
And around your old hearthstone will rest,
And there they will circle around and around,
Clinging fast to the core of your breast.

Here the cheery old sun with its bright shining rays
Warmly kisses Montana's green sod,
And whispers a message to you and to me
To come and walk under His rod.
Here long grasses wave and sweet flowers bloom
'Midst the fragrance of sweet scented air,
While Nature a mantle of beauty spreads out
To drive from your soul every care.

Here ditches with water are all brimming full
To water the green growing crops,
And fruit trees so burdened with luscious fruit
Are crying aloud for some props.
The wild gooseberry bushes are loaded
With fruit that is perfect and large,
Growing down by the creeks and the gulleys
Without an expense or a charge.

Here winding old cowtrails are hid as from view,
Creeping out of the tall, wavy grass,
And swift mountain streams so pleasing to see
Are full of the trout and the bass.
Here uplands are rich as her valleys,
And her valleys as rich as the Nile,
And the big bumper crops when responding
Spreads over your face a great smile.

Here sweetest wild flowers in their pretty gay dress
In bewildering profusion abound,
While lead, iron and copper, silver and gold
Across her wide border is found.
Here is beautiful scenery, resplendent and grand,
In garments of purple and green,
Where swift brimming rivers go tumbling on
Across this great state to be seen.

Not a bronk has bucked off his baggage
In order to try and explain,
Not a cow that has nipped her green grasses
But is waiting to do so again.
Not a soul who has trod her wide border
But today do tenderly yearn,
Not an eye that has viewed her green valleys
But are longing again to return.

To spend their few days, seasons or years
In a country so wonderfully blest,
Where the Angel of Peace plants the flowers of love
To bloom on the trail of the West.
Then pass to their rest and quiet repose
In a land where the long grasses wave,
To sleep under skies that are sunny and blue,
In an earth covered casket, a sod covered grave.

Montana, Montana, the fairest of lands!
Montana, the bright gem of the West!
Let me live all my days in your beautiful land,
Sup thy milk and thy honey, thou are dear to my
breast.

Give me home, peace and plenty, give me sunshine and storm.

While I in thy border do dwell;
Keep the gaunt wolf of hunger away from my door,
Then to all other regions will I murmur farewell.

Look across her wide border, see her cattle and sheep,
That feed on her sweet, juicy grass;
See her thousands of horses, her timber fringed streams,
Alive with the trout and the bass.
See the rotten old bones, the horns and the hoofs,
The remains of that great buffalo herd
That the white man pursued till he slaughtered them all,
While the government said never a word.

See her homes and her cities, her girls and her boys,
Look to their swing and their sweep,
Their vim and their vigor, their push and their go
And the rich, golden harvest they reap.
Come gather her honey, come sup her rich milk,
And here in her border abide;
Come fence in a garden, come plant out a tree,
Come be a light and a guide.

Sincerely I love this sweet land of Montana,
To me she's the climax of years,
And as I look to her rainbow of promise
I smile through my season of tears.
Her meadows and her hills are the greenest
And her mountain peaks crested with snow;
She's a park of great beauty, charming with splendor,
Spread out for us poor creatures below.

My soul is enraptured as I view the fair scene,
So charmingly and beautifully dressed,
And of all the great states of the Union
Montana is the one I love best.
It's a wonderful country, surpassingly fine,
Where the hand of the Master doth rest,

Where the Angel of Peace plants the flowers of love
To bloom on the trail of the West.

Then come to this Eden and this wonderland see,
Come look on her mountains and plains;
Her seed time and harvest both walk hand in hand,
While cloudland sends down her good rains.
Come gather her harvest, come eat the good bread,
Where the hand of the Master doth rest;
Come fence in a garden, come plant out a tree,
To grow in the gem of the West.

Drifting Around.

Perhaps you have run on the ranges of sin
And fed where the pastures were dry,
Perhaps you have sat in the scoffer's great seat
While the old gospel rider went by.

Perhaps you have gone all the days of your life
With no knowledge of God and His love,
Perhaps you have turned from the shadowless light
Streaming down through the archway above.

Perhaps you have traveled the rough mountains of sin
And rode the black canyon of doubt,
Perhaps you have drifted around and around
Till you're puzzled and lost on the route.

But why should you dwell in the dark swamp of sin
And eat the sad bread of despair,
When in the green pastures of life there is feed
For a soul that is famished on care.

Then why sit like a statue so lifeless and cold,
With your hands hanging down by your side,
When God is so willing to lead you right through
To a land where you long may abide?

The Wife That I Loved So Well. (*A Song.*)

Across the hills of sorrow
A prisoner toiled one day,
He had felt the curse of Eden
Since ere he'd went astray.
He felt life's burden heavy
And his spirit was depressed,
In rain or storm or sunshine
His mind could find no rest.

He thought of his dear old mother
And the wife he loved so well,
He thought of his own dear children,
What a story of life would tell.
He thought how his friends forsook him
When the day of trouble came,
How they left him there in prison
To cover him deep with shame.

He thought of life's great purpose
And how it had passed away,
He thought of his old-time sweetheart
And he thought of his wedding day.
He thought that his life was useless,
Like an egg with a broken shell,
But with him in all his rovings
Goes the wife that he loved so well.

I know my days are numbered,
For I feel quite frail and weak,
And I would like to see my sweetheart,
And I want to hear her speak.
I hate with loath and scorning
The doom of a prison cell,

For it tore from my own bosom
The wife that I loved so well.

So now I'll keep on roving
Till I travel this world all round,
And I think of her as often,
As often as the sun goes down.
For I know my years are wasted
Like the strand of a broken thread,
Feeling void of all ambitions,
And I know that my hope is dead.

My pleadings were most tender,
My call both loud and long,
But the echo from the hilltops
Brought back the same old song.
I have felt the wound severely,
And have felt the pain most sharp,
And I feel that my life is useless
Like a string on a broken harp.

The needless pain I've suffered
And the lonely nights of woe,
I hope no other creature
May ever undergo.
For years I've called in anguish,
But no answer is returned,
Like a dead leaf in the forest,
Or the ashes from the urn.

I wish I could solve the problem,
Oh, won't you tell me how?
For I love the flowers of friendship
And to them always bow.
My hope once strong as an anchor,
But now it has been slain,
And I feel the hard, cold pressure
Like the wind through a broken pane.

Not a friend on this old planet,
Not a child I can call my own,
Not a home in this wide valley,
So there's nothing to do but roam.
But still there's a consolation
Coming as from a broken shell,
That with me in all my rovings
Goes the wife I loved so well.

Oh, could I but meet my darling
Where the Western sun reclines,
I know the spark would brighten,
I know that the fire would shine.
Cursed be the gate of a prison,
And cursed be the prison cell,
For it tore from my own bosom
The wife that I loved so well.

My mother in the churchyard
Where a stone of marble rears,
My wife away out yonder
And her children in their tears.
While I, a lonely pilgrim,
Must stem both storm and tide,
But I'll meet her in old dreamland
Till I cross the Great Divide.

But across the hills of sorrow
There blooms the flower of peace,
Where I see the wounded gather
And I see them get relief.
I see no broken heart strings,
I see no teardrops start,
But I hear the sweetest music
Like the strains from David's harp.

As a flower in the forest
And a serpent by its side,

So the foes of man are lurking,
His footsteps to betide.
Like the froth and foam of the ocean,
Or a river underground,
We all are swiftly hastening
To that sod covered mound.

The springtime brings her beauty
And the winter brings her sleet,
So death is surely coming
To give me rest that's sweet.
Oh, could I only meet her
Before King Terror comes,
I would put my arms around her,
But my lips would be dumb.

When the heart and mind is shattered
By the thoughts of a ruined life,
When the strings of hope are severed
By folly's cruel knife;
When the lamp of life is feeble
And it's flame is dim and low,
There's a cloud of solemn sadness
Falling round you as you go.

Oh, if she would only answer
And bid me hope once more,
Oh, if she would send me greetings
It would heal this heart that's tore.
It would make us both more happy
If we would together dwell,
And I'd end life's checkered journey
With the one I loved so well.

I would gather the children round us
To comfort our old age,
We would love and live together,
Let storm or tempest rage.

There joy and peace and kindness
Would hold together fast.
Blotting out the faults and failings
Of all the cruel past.

Then I would be so happy,
The clouds would roll away,
And we'd live just like old sweethearts
Until our dying day.
The wind would carry the tidings,
The sun would brighter shine,
Sending down her benediction
On that sweet wife of mine.

But I'll bear my troubles bravely,
No one shall hear my groans,
I'll borrow smiles and laughter
To stifle all my moans.
I will love her as strong as ever,
Though a thousand miles apart,
And would like to have her company,
For she has got my heart.

So I'm lonely and forsakened,
My bright hopes have fled,
My days and years are wasted
Like the strands of a broken thread.
But I'll journey on with my burden
A frail and broken shell,
And with me in all my rovings
Goes the wife that I loved so well.

A Happy Home, 1892.

We in our happy home, dear wife,
Our absent ones may see,
While loving arms about us twine
Like tanbark to a tree.
'T would be a sad, sad thought, dear wife,
To think we loved in vain,
Our happy dream of long ago
Would give but burning pain.

The flight of time rolls on, dear wife,
It haunts me more and more,
And in the happy dream of night
See those I've seen before.
How quick the time does pass, dear wife,
The evening and the day,
They seem to chase each other
Like children in their play.

We ventured on life's sea, dear wife,
With vessels weak and frail,
The storms have often threatened us
And tried to tear our sail.
Our boats were just the thing, dear wife,
Good lifeboats true and tried,
Which safely rode the angry waves
While others foundering died.

Our riches are not great, dear wife,
Yet hard we've toiled and worked,
No matter what discouragement
We never played the shirk.
We are not as poor as some, dear wife,
We have never lacked for meat,
If sometimes just a little scarce
Close picking made it sweet.

Our honeymoon still lasts, dear wife,
Though fifteen years have gone
Since you walked up to the marriage chair
And the bridal veil put on.
But now we both grow old, dear wife,
And what do you think of that?
The rosy glow of youth is gone
Like Thompson's spotted cat.

A few short years ago, dear wife,
When both were young and fair,
Two loving hearts together grew
And formed the marriage chair.
And in the good old chair, dear wife,
Together we have rocked,
While passion storms struck others hard
We never have been shocked.

Our children, too, we love, dear wife,
And they just number three,
While little Jay lies far away
Beneath the southern tree.
Our hearts are very sad, dear wife,
When with the silent dead
They part from us to meet no more
Until the seas have fled.

Yes, one by one they go, dear wife,
To slumber and to sleep,
Until the sea gives up her dead
And leaves her ancient deep.
The sweetest flowers you know, dear wife,
Will always fade and die,
They come and bloom for a little while
And then how soon they fly.

It makes me sad to think, dear wife,
That we'll be called to part,

For Death is a cold, cruel foe
And loves to pierce the heart.
They say it comes to all, dear wife,
I feel it must be true,
But drop on us thy hovering wings
As falls the evening dew.

The gilded cords of love, dear wife,
By age they say will break,
But we will love each other more,
As Hermon loved the lake.
The sunny days of youth, dear wife,
With us are past and gone,
But still we'll hold our honeymoon
As silvery hairs come on.

While walking up the hill, dear wife,
Two hearts have beat as one,
And now we'll journey down again
With yonder setting sun.
I could not cause you pain, dear wife,
Nor from you could I roam,
But fair sweet flowers will I seek
And twine them round our home.

The Darkies Are Leaving Oklahoma. (A Song)

Oh, the darkies am offended
And are gwine to emigrate,
They are leaving Oklahoma
To find a better state.
But you better stay with uncle
And get you all a home,
You sure can do the pickin'
If you've only got the bone.

Here we have a great big country
And a thousand sort of things,
An easy road to travel,
So we have no use for kings.
Our president is a stunner
With a mighty sight of gall,
But I reckon that he needs it,
For he's up against them all.

Here we have the grandest country
Beneath the shining sun,
In science and inventions
We only have begun.
Here we have the flag of colors,
The red, white and blue,
The good man and the bad man,
The loyal and the true.

So you better stay with uncle,
Who will surely pull you through,
It's the foot that gets the pinching
When we're putting on the shoe.
But of course I'm not dictating,
For I know it is no use,
You may chew your own tobacco
And may also spit the juice.

Yes, you better stay with uncle,
He's a great and mighty man,
When he calls for help their coming
From Besheba unto Dan.
He is true and loyal hearted
And will use you well, I know,
You can get the coon and opossum
If you only get the dough.

When Aunt Dinah pats the juba
And all am feelin' fine,
Oh, what a happy people
As the stars begin to shine.
See the pickaninnies prancing
By the dim light of the moon,
And the colored belle a-dancing
When the fiddle is in tune.

So go to Oklahoma, boys,
And go right away,
For the darkies am a gwine
And I guess they're gwine to stay.
But they better stay with uncle
And get them all a home,
They sure can do the pickin',
If they've only got the bone.

But of course I'm not dictating,
For I know it is no use.
You may chew your own tobacco
And may also spit the juice.

For That Bronk Will Throw His Rider Away Out in Beulah Land.

(Song.)

Away out in the country on the far Pacific slope
Roams a little lady rider with her saddle and her rope;
As she swings into the saddle with the reins in her hand
She's the picture of old Ireland to grace the Beulah land.

Now what's the matter, Hannah, are you going to ride
that horse?

I thought he had you buffaloed, I really did, of course;
You may swing into the saddle with your courage and
your gall.

But something will be doing when that bronk begins to
bawl.

I am sure it is no picking to ride a wild cayuse
On a cold and frosty morning when the saddle cinch is
loose;

Though your feet are in the stirrups and the reins are in
your hand,

Yet that bronk will throw his rider away out in Beulah
land.

Raven locks are beautiful, with eyes of sunny blue,
But yet that ornery cayuse has no respect for you;
Some cold and frosty morning you will hear an awful
squall,

And oh, there'll be a parting when that bronk begins to
bawl.

I want to tell you, Hannah, it ain't no safe retreat
To mount a wall-eyed broncho when he's laying for
your meat;



“And some girl will find a landing when the bronk begins to bawl.”

Your spurs may be engraved, have a shining silver band,
Yet that bronk will throw his rider away out in Beulah land.

Now listen to me, young cowgirl, and don't you be so fop
For your tub of joy is brimming and is just about to
slop;
Some morning after breakfast there will come to you a call,
And oh, an awful parting as the bronk begins to bawl.

Yes, some morning while at breakfast the flapjacks being
fine,
You will eat close to six dozen in about ten minutes' time;
Then you'll swing into the saddle with the reins in your
hand,
But that bronk will drop his baggage away out in Beulah
land.

Now come all you jolly cowgirls who ride the Western
plains,
Come stay with the wall-eyed broncho till he breaks the
bridle reins;
For if you don't you'll miss it, you will surely hear a
squall,
And some girl will find a landing when the bronk begins
to bawl.

Then swing into the saddle, boys, when you hear an
awful squall,
For some girl has found a landing as her bronk began
to bawl;
Yes, swing into the saddle, boys, with the rope in your
hand,
For the bronk has thrown his rider away out in Beulah
land.

The Land That I Love, or the Roundup Coming Through.

(*A Song.*)

I am going away to the land that I love,
In sweet sunny southland I'll roam,
And there under skies that are sunny and blue
I will build me a snug little home.

Where the redbirds do whistle and the mocking bird sings
And the stars their glory do shine,
Where the oak and the ash and the willow tree grow
To stand with the hemlock and pine.

Where the sweetest wild flowers bedeck the green sod,
As they do in Erin's green isle,
And the song of the woodland compels you to stay
And romp with old Nature a while.

Oklahoma, Oklahoma, is the land that I love,
And I love her green pastures and lanes,
And the Red Men well named you "the beautiful land,"
As they gazed o'er your wide spreading plains.

Oklahoma, Oklahoma, "the beautiful land,"
And this you will never deny,
For the leaves of your forest and the grass on your plains
Grow under a sunny blue sky.

Your leafy old woodland is a joy to behold
By those who are famished with care,
But the cloud of despondency soon pass away
As they rove through your sweet scented air.

Oklahoma, Oklahoma, I love thy fair land
And you have a warm place in my breast,

I can never forget you nor your sunny kissed hills
As I rove through the wild woolly West.

I love your old rangeland, though mangled and tore,
And the wound is still bleeding today,
But the white man they say has a balm that will cure,
But I can't really see it that way.

Yes, I loved the old long-horn as he used to appear
To gaze on your green grassy sod,
But the happy dry farmer has come with the years
And over your threshold will trod.

Like the old Indian tepee your cowboys have gone,
No more will they circle the herd,
No more will they listen to the song of the wind
As the leaves by the breezes are stirred.

No more on your rangeland will the cowpunchers meet
To ride on the merry roundup,
No more will the tenderfoot heave a long sigh.
As the old pitching bronk wins the cup.

Your sunny old rangeland is mangled and tore
And your riders have lost both the reins,
Your chuck wagon's empty, your saddles uncinched,
Since the long-horn is gone from the plains.

Like the Indian and buffalo they have gone the long trail
And we see their footprints no more,
But a feeling of sadness sweeps over my soul
When I see them today as of yore.

When I first seen your rangeland great joy filled my heart
As I came o'er the old beaten trail,
Now the city club boosters, dry landers and all,
Come into the country by rail.

Oklahoma, Oklahoma, bright jewel of years,
Where the corn and the cotton both grow,
Where the rainbow of promise spans the archway above
To cheer us poor mortals below.

Your archways as blue as pretty blue bells
That twine in some grass bedded dells,
That speaketh in language so modest and meek
Its love for the land where it dwells.

Oklahoma, Oklahoma, sweet dreams of the past
Are oftentimes awakened by thee,
Though far from her border a pilgrim does roam
You are not forgotten by me.

Yes, I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming again,
To roam o'er your sunny kissed hills,
While the old roving spirit throbs strong in my heart
I can but remember you still.

Where the sweetest wild flowers grow o'er your green
sod
Like they do on Erin's green isle,
And the song of the warblers so sweet to the ear
Just fills your whole soul with a smile.

Yes, I'm going away to that land that I love,
Where the skies are so sunny and blue,
There I'll sit and I'll wait, but I'll wait all in vain
For the old roundup coming through.

Home on the Rangeland.

My home is on the rangeland, far away from any town,
In the shelter and protection of the Rockies' lofty
crown.

Where such inspiring grandeur, such lookings are in
sight,

When the moon is playing checkers with the shadows
of the night.

And the grandest little brooklet, just as jolly as can be
In its prancing, dancing manner sings its lullaby to me.
I can hear it in the twilight, in the sunset after-glow,
I can hear it in the moonlight, as the fire-fly passes
slow.

When the banquet meal is ready and you are about to
dine,

Floating 'round about the table comes the breath from
off the pine.

Happy are the little children reared in a home so rude,
Eating in the mountain fastness, sleeping in their soli-
tude.

Here's the place for nature lovers, in this far-secluded
spot,

With nature cutting antics where the Master's hand
has wrought,

Where a man in health and gladness will appreciate its
worth,

Drinking from the gushing fountains pouring out of
Mother Earth.

The Locoed Sheep. (Song)

When you get to be a loco
How happy you will be,
A chasing squirrels and rabbits
And barking at the tree.

A funny way of walking
And looking 'round for dope,
Makes even mule-eared rabbits
Go sideways as they lope.

The coyotes, they won't kill you;
They think you are too tough.
Your meat has got the flavor
Of loco, sure enough.
You can see all horrid creatures
A dancing on the plains,
And scare the dry-land farmers
'Till they want to leave their claims.

I think you need some fixing,
For you're shaking in your boots;
You are living now on loco
And feasting on its roots.
'Till you find this weed of virtue
You are Johnny on the trot,
And like Old Davy Crockett,
Stand grinning at the spot.

You had better go out fishing,
Away up in a cloud;
With a green hoop pole for suckers
And your chariot rumbling loud.
You would surely get some whoppers
If you had a lasso rope.
But you have to keep a walking
And looking 'round for dope.

You are an old booze-fighter,
And you have got its curse;
And like the old booze drinkers,
Are getting worse and worse.
If you could only reason
I would take you by the neck
And drag you to a looking glass
To gaze at this old wreck.

You will fight this weed of loco
Until your life will end
A dope-fiend and sang-rooter
And a real old loco friend.
Some day you'll go star gazing
Out on the loco flat
Where you'll leave your locoed carcass,
I will bet my Stetson hat.

The Cowboys' Last Retreat.

(To my friend Flood.)

Well, Flood, old pard, cold, cruel fate
Hath dealt us both a blow;
And as we sit in prison garb
We sadly know it's so.
The days! how long they do appear,
The nights appear the same;
Here we have time to view the past
And try to hide its shame.

Us cowboys, by our reckless ways,
Have often found the snare
That tripped us up and held us fast
To sweat in deep despair.

With storms upon the sea of life
We sometimes run amuck;
Rough billows toss our empty barque,
To try our cowboys' pluck.

There is a way that seemeth right,
To man of woman born,
It leads him to the door of death—
Forsaken and forlorn.
Oh, why will we poor mortal men
Forever court distress,
While on we ride at breakneck speed
Great evils to caress.

There is a better way to live.
And a better way to die:
The stripes we wear today, old pard,
Make plain the reason why.
Prepare to ride the upper range,
Where the round-up herd will feed,
Where the grass is rich with the juice of life
To satisfy your need.

There the round-up boss is good and kind,
And the flower of love doth grow:
You'll find some old-time cowboys there,
Who rode on the range below
And were caught by the gospel round-up.
On the range where they long had sinned
And the brand of life now glow and shine
With a luster there undimmed.

Come, put your name on the big brand book,
Ere you pass to the great divide;
Come spread your bed by the river of life,
Where the range is big and wide.
There you can roam the sun-lit plains—
The cowboys' last retreat;

There you can stay with the round-up herd,
Where the water is clear and sweet.

There you can range in pastures green,
Away from the child of sin;
And drink from the clear, cool stream of life
And have no foe within.
There you can look with eyes undimmed,
When the sun is setting low
On rosy clouds of rainbow hue.
Caused by its after-glow.

Only a few more days, dear friend,
And your pardon you regain:
And may you love and cherish it,
And prize it to retain.
Farewell, dear friend, be good, old pard.
May the world to you be kind,
As you give the last, long lingering look
To the ones you leave behind.

And when outside, among your friends,
Be honest, true and straight,
And lend a hand to a brother man,
And help him find the gate
That opens up to the other range,
Where the round-up herd will feed;
Where the round-up boss with love and life
Will satisfy your need.

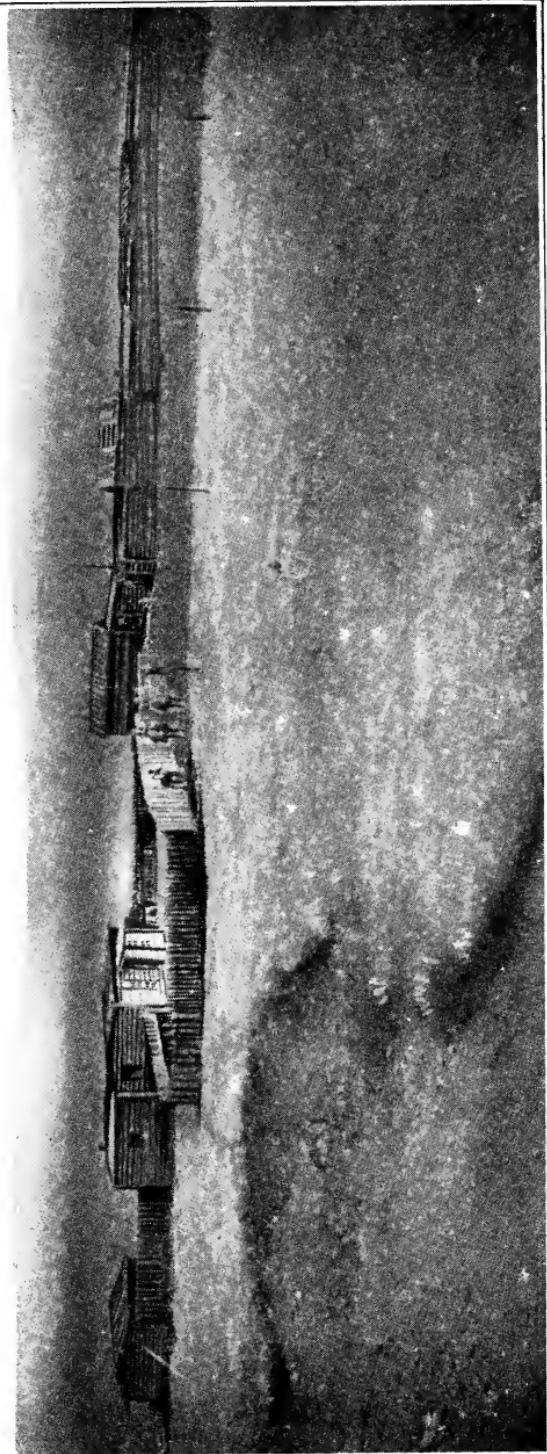
Farewell to Montana, the Gem of the West.

Farewell to Montana, the gem of the West,
For I now have no wife, nor no home.
I will bid you adieu, turn quickly away
For sorrow compels me to roam.
My children, come kiss me, ere I am away
To journey the road that is drear,
The parting is painful and stifles my breast,
When I fancy your voices I hear.

Farewell to Montana, bright jewel of years,
And farewell to its prison of shame,
Where her cold, cruel walls, with iron-grated cells,
Cast a shadow and blot on my name.
I have stood on the summit of mountain and hill,
And looked upon scenes that were fair,
But a cold, cruel prison, home-trouble, and sin
Has furrowed my brow with your care.

Farewell to Montana, sweet land of the West.
Yet you still are as dear to my heart
As the day of my childhood, around the old home,
That from me can never, no never, depart.
So your charms long will haunt me where ever I go
And o'er my sad bosom will roll,
On plain, hill or valley, or surf-beaten coast,
You will be to my heart, what you were to my soul.

Not a friend have I left in this great treasure state,
Where I once was so happy and free;
They are gone like the snowflake that kissed the proud
wave,
As it danced on the sparkling blue sea.
Gone like the sweet flowers when bitten by frost,
Or dewdrops by the rays of the sun.



The Old Stockade Ranch Buildings.

So I'll wander in gloom, with despondency veiled,
'Till my roving on earth will be done.

Farewell to Montana, sweet land of my liking,
Where winds of misfortune have blown;
When harvest is over, then I will be gone,
To roam the wide world all alone.
At the cabin on Bridger I have tarried quite long,
'Till the cold winter snow would go 'way,
But the grass now is growing, the sun shining bright,
And I have not much longer to stay.

Farewell to Montana, thou pearl of great price,
Farewell to the trail of the West;
And as I go forth, faith leads me along
With the flowers of peace in my breast.
I leave not behind me a grief-stricken wife,
With children caresses to dwell.
But far, far away, to a land west of this
Live the ones that I still love so well.

May their slumber be sweet in the stillness of night,
When the stars in their glory look down.
And recall in bright vision the joys of their youth,
While the blessings of love did abound.
May the silvery moon in her journey of night,
Speak gently to her of the past,
And cover with mantle that one hasty choice
To be blighted and parted at last.

It is hard to be parted from wife and from home,
When misfortune has cast her dark frown;
It is hard to be happy, when despondency come
And throws her dark shadows around.
But when storms of great fierceness sweep over my soul
And dangers my pathway beset,
Yet beyond the dark cloud shines the rainbow of hope
For my Jesus is still with me yet.

Farewell to Montana, to the land of the gold,
Farewell to the gem of the West;
I'll cherish sweet memories of thee when away,
And mantle them deep in my breast.
Your mountains and hill tops, rivers and rills
Just make me look up with a start;
Bringing strength to my muscles and light to my eyes,
Giving health to my soul and my heart.

Farewell to Montana, the great smiling land,
And farewell to her rich and her poor;
May her soil in great plenty yield well her increase,
And blessing descend 'round your door.
The soil that in childhood my footstep has pressed
Shall nourish the flower that blooms in the West,
And I'll cherish sweet memories of thee when away
And mantle them deep in my breast.

Oklahoma, Meaning Beautiful Land. (Song.)

Oh, let us look back to that country again
Far away to the sweet Sunny South,
Where the mocking bird wakes us so early each day,
With the sweetest of songs from his mouth.

Where the redbirds whistle in the cottonwood groves
That skirts the Canadian shore,
And the whippoorwill's song we will hear once again,
As we heard long ago from our door.

Where the peach and the apple both flourish and grow
In that beautiful land far away;
Come, let us go, let us go to that beautiful land,
In that beautiful land let us stay.

There we can feast till our hearts are content,
On cherries that are juicy and red,
And strawberries, too, that will melt in your mouth;
Will you go? I will go, I have said.

There are melons so large you can't eat one at all—
It would take a whole day more or less—
And nice sweet potatoes so sappy with juice—
I could eat a full dozen I guess.

Dear wife, let us go to that land of thy dreaming,
Where the summers are tinted with azure and gold;
Where the winters are soft with life's music throbbing,
And night with its moonlight has glory untold.

Land of the sooners and the boomers of old,
Land of the Cheyenne and the Arapahoes, too;
Land of the cotton, the wheat and the corn,
Basking in sunshine where the skies are of blue.

What's the use living in a land where we're freezing,
And spend all our money for fuel and coal;
Where the storm and the blizzard both feel for your life,
And poverty feels for your soul.

It's a land of great orchards where the fruit is the best
That grows in the sunshine or wet;
Oh, land of great promise, fair land of my dreams,
How can I, how can I forever forget.

Here the meadow lark sings in, the cottonwood trees,
When the leaves by the zephyrs are stirred,
And the howl of the coyote is heard in the hills,
Where the cowboy sings low to his herd.

There fruit and flowers both flourish and grow,
In old Oklahoma, sweet land;
Won't you go, won't you go? and there let us stay
In that country so great and so grand.

Flanigan's Pan Cake.

*The experience of an old school teacher keeping bacon
and baking pancakes.*

Flanigan, the bachelor, lived up in a hall,
As a baker of pancakes he was the pride of them all;
His clothes were all grease from his feet to his head,
And grease all the way from stove to the bed.

He came home one night and it must have been late,
For he rushed about madly and he wished for a mate;
He said to himself when a man's forty-four
And has bached it ten years he should bach it no more.

I am up every morning exactly at seven,
And when breakfast is ready it's half past eleven;
And he stamped down his feet, it's the pest of my life—
I wish to my soul I had a good wife.

Ah, said Flanigan, it is useless to fret,
I will bake a big fellow that will last, you bet;
I'll dress myself up like a bit of a fairy,
I'll drive away trouble or play the old Harry.

So he greased his griddle from bottom to top,
And poured in the batter with a flippity flop;
When the griddle got hot, why the batter did too,
And the hotter it got the faster it grew.

It grew out of the griddle in a very short round—
In an hour from that it weighed ninety pounds;
It lay on the stove and rested quite well—
He crammed in the wood, it grew and it swelled.

When the pancake was done it reached to the door,
On the right and the left it covered the floor;
And of all the great pancakes that ever was baked,
None ever equaled the Irish pancake.

He ran for the door but he could not get out,
Then he started at once for a different route;
With his foot on the floor and his arm on the cake,
He tried to get up but he couldn't quite make.

He succeeded, however, in making his escape,
But he sprained his ankle in making the leap;
With wondering eyes he peered in at the door,
For he never saw such a terror before.

The pancake loomed up like a ship in a fog,
With high and low places like knots on a log;
The inside was juicy with very large holes,
And looked for the world like there might be some gold.

So he broke off a chunk and carried it away,
To the assayer's office to see would it pay;
The assayer took it and put on the test,
And said that the chunk was one of the best.

One thousand, said he, it would run to the ton—
The finest gold ore found under the sun:
Ore like this chunk shows a very rich streak—
I believe in my soul it came from Hahn's Peak.

While the old assayer was testing the ore,
Flanigan was laughing his sides really sore;
But he made him an offer for the cake as it lay—
Forty-five thousand and all in good pay.

Flanigan's pancake brought a very large sum,
But the old assayer was the one that was done;
He employed forty oxen to haul it away,
And fifty brave Irishmen to work by the day.

At the mouth of the canyon they thought it the best,
For the light-hearted Irish to put on the test;
They blew it wide open and, oh, such a fake,
And the Irish were covered with batter from the cake.

A long train of Irish soon started for town,
And worse looking Irish could never be found;
For the bold witty Irish were heavy with woe,
For Flanigan's pancake had given them its dough.

Give Me the Woman Who Loves the Fresh Air.

Oh, give me the woman who loves the fresh air,
Her cheeks will be rosy and her countenance fair;
She will rise from her slumber as fresh as a lark,
Have a sweet disposition from daylight till dark;
She will raise up the windows and open the door,
She will polish the stove and scrub up the floor.

In the far away West where love has its source,
This little brave woman will ride the wild horse;
Let him rear on his haunches or twist in the air—
Three cheers for the woman who stays with him there;
See him go to it, now watch her ply to the quirt,
Here's proof without asking that this woman's no flirt.

Oh, give me the woman with a warm loving heart,
Where kindness and sympathy both have a start;
Where tender compassion sits there as a queen,
Where Judgment and Justice with Wisdom is seen.
Such a woman with natural endowments is blest,
And here they will sparkle like gems in the West.

Her children, like rosebuds, will be sweet and as fair
As the sunbeams and moonbeams that falls on their hair;
She'll be clean, neat and tidy, her teeth like the pearl—
Good natured, good mannered like the real Western girl.
So give me the woman who loves the fresh air,
Her cheeks will be rosy and her countenance fair.

You will find all the women who love the great West
Have a sense of wild freedom that throbs in their breast;
They'll run you a footrace—did you see how she grinned?
See her hair hanging down keeping time with the wind.
Yes, give me the woman who loves the fresh air,
Her cheeks will be rosy and her countenance fair.

So here's to the brave woman of mountain and plain.
I give her my hand and rejoice in her reign;
In danger she's fearless and in love she is strong,
Her path is all sunshine and her home is all song.
So give me the woman who loves the fresh air,
Her cheeks will be rosy and her countenance fair.

Oh, give me the woman who loves with a zest
Her chickens and turkeys in a home of the West:
Though her home be it humble her heart will be warm
Through sunshine and tempest, through blizzard and
storm.

Such a woman as this is as dear to my hear
As the joys of my boyhood which cannot depart.

She's the pride of the ranch in her up-to-date gown,
And the queen of the city when she goes to the town;
She's as fair as a rosebud when encircled with dew,
And a gem of perfection both priceless and true.
So give me the woman who loves the fresh air,
Her cheeks will be rosy and her countenance fair.

On the Bellefouche Far Away.

Talk about your pretty countries and a climate all superb,

Where the ranchers are all wealthy with their horses and their herds,

Where every one is welcomed and they want a thousand more

To settle in their country to prospect or explore;

It's the Black Hills lovely region, where the wild horse used to stray,

In the South Dakota country on the Bellefouche far away.

The red men loved this hunting ground—it used to be their home—

Where the elk and shaggy buffalo around them there did roam;

It was here they held their green-corn-dance and lit their council fire,

They roamed this region o'er and o'er to fill their heart's desire;

And from the Black Hills highest peaks this valley could survey,

In the South Dakota country on the Bellefouche far away.

The noble red man now is gone from where they used to dwell,

Caught in the white man's roundup and drove to a fare-you-well;

They cheated them out of their land and to this you say, ahem,

But the devil he will deal with you as you have dealt with them.

The tomahawk and scalping knife are not in use today,
In the South Dakota country on the Bellefouche far away.

The red men with their mighty chiefs are forced from
off the land,
Caught by the white man's roundup and drove to the
barren sand.
Old Sitting Bull, an old Sioux Chief, was brave as
brave could be,
But now is gone to his hunting ground—was killed at
Wounded Knee.
No more the Sioux that country raid, revenge has had
its sway,
In the South Dakota country on the Bellefouche far
away.

The great and noble red man has not been treated right—
The white man took away their land and forced them
then to fight.
The tomahawk and scalping knife then played an active
part,
And many a pale-faced soldier fell when arrow pierced
his heart,
Away from home and loving friends to perish and decay,
In the South Dakota country on the Bellefouche far
away.

Rain-in-the-Face, once mighty chief, has gone to raising
stock
On the big Missouri River at the old place—Standing
Rock.
They seem to be contented there and happy with their lot,
Forgetting all the old-time raids and battles that they
fought.
The old war bonnet and war shirt no more are used
today,
In the South Dakota country on the Bellefouche far
away.

The South Dakota country is a land that's bright and
fair—

Most of her braves have crossed the ridge to meet the others there;
And may they reach their hunting grounds and always there reside,
Where all their pale-face enemies will have to camp outside.
May he who gave them power to wield the tomahawk in war,
Give them more peace and happiness than they ever had before.

The Black Hills are so lovely when the western sun reclines,
When the wooded hills and valleys throw forth the scent of pine.
Nature there is beautiful on a scale that's great and grand,
With the sunset throwing kisses that western winds have fanned.
Her canyons draped in splendor and mystic beauty sways,
In the South Dakota country on the Bellefouche far away.

Her canyons great and mighty with transcendent beauty hung,
That my vivid imagination to the highest pitch is strung;
And I see the great Creator sitting on the circling earth,
In His hands he holds the colors of the rainbow since its birth;
And He spreads those lovely garments, so beautifully and so gay,
In the South Dakota country on the Black Hills far away.

So come where lovely scenery glows and sun-lit valleys shine,
Where wooded hills and grassy vales throw forth the scent of pine;

Where sapphire hues are blended with the rainbow's
graceful form,
And mystic beauty lingers in the sunshine and the storm;
Where moonlit nights are clear and bright and sunlit
valleys lay.
In the South Dakota country on the Bellefouche far
away.

When Lovina Was My Sweetheart So Many Years Ago.

(Song.)

'Midst the green fields of Ohio as the western sun
reclines,
When the evening breeze is playing with the morning
glory vines,
It is there my mind goes wandering and a rhyme begins
to flow,
When Lovina was my sweetheart so many years ago.

When the silvery moon was climbing and the twinkling
stars had come,
Down the dear old dusty road the buggy wheels would
hum;
Then my heart would beat and flutter and my soul be
all aglow,
When Lovina was my sweetheart so many years ago.

When the summer days were over and the cool autumn
came,
No frost could nip a blossom as sweet as Lovina's name.
Life is always worth its living, she would say it soft and
low,
This pretty little lover that I loved long years ago.

Oh! the fragrance of the breezes where the morning
glory twine,
With my lover sitting 'neath them as the western sun
reclines;
The curtains of night are lovely and the moonlight tells
you so,
When you were out a-strolling with the one of long ago.

When my roving, rambling nature takes me back to the
dear old State,
There I see that charming lover standing at the roadside
gate;
A-standing and a-smiling as she always used to do,
When I would say, "Lovina, have you read that letter
through?"

I have seen some lovely landscapes from swift onrush-
ing trains,
And have gazed upon the mountain tops while on the
western plains,
But the most inviting lover and who haunts me where
I go,
Was Lovina as my sweetheart so many years ago.

I am sure I cannot help it but I'm wondering all the time,
Will we ever meet together where the western sun
reclines?
Will I feel again that pleasure, like a river in its flow,
Strolling with that old-time lover that I loved so long
ago?

Will we talk the many happenings and the changes that
have come?
Will we whisper love together or will our tongues be
dumb?
Will we count again our friendship where sweet wild
flowers grow,
And be again true lovers as we were long years ago?



Oh, if I was only with her where the western sun
reclines,
Out where the western breezes get their fragrance from
the pines;
I would give my summer wages if I could only know,
Where this lover is a-rambling that I loved so long ago.

Love, you know, is beautiful that stays and grows and
shines;
Love, you know, is beautiful that hangs and twists and
twines.
Just now it sends its signals to the place I used to know,
When Lovina was my sweetheart so many years ago.

Lovina, the green fields of Ohio, have you forgotten
now?
And the promise that you made to me—I can't see really
how.
I would give my summer wages and a coon skin, don't
you know,
If you would be my sweetheart as you were long years
ago.

Leaving the Old Farm for the City.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Plugmyer leave their quiet home for the city, and are led away by fashions, and become gay, but at last return to the old farm.

I say, dear wife, we'll pack our trunks and to the city go,
For out here in the backwoods the things do move so slow.

You know, dear wife, I've toiled and worked to keep ourselves in rations,
While you were galivanting round a chasing after fashions.

We have been here in these backwoods just thirty years today,

A-toiling and a-working, but I find it doesn't pay.
We haven't seen the world, you know, or what the world is like,

But just stayed here together since we've been man and wife.

I'll tell you what we'll do, dear wife, I think it for the best,

We'll move right off to the city and let the old farm rest.

You may get a pretty dress and have it togged in fashion,

And I will get a brand new suit and off we'll go a dashin'.

We will have the best of everything that money can afford—

You shall be my loving queen and I shall be your lord.
We'll stroll together here and there along great pleasure streets;

A parachute we'll surely get to keep from us the heat.

We'll have breakfast gowns, dinner gowns and evening gowns, you know;
Driving gowns and tea gowns enough to rig a show.
The people they will wonder where we gathered all our riches,
When they see me with my swallow tail and Philadelphia breeches.

We'll have the second-hand man, you know, to make a call,
And sell to him our furniture, our carpets and our all.
To take this backwoods furniture to the city wouldn't do,
But must have the nicest furniture and have it all bran new.

This is a discontented world and some day we may feel
That we have made a great mistake when city life is real.
Only a few more minutes, wife, and the wagon we will see,
That from this old log cabin, dear, will hustle you and me.

When we get there, I say, dear wife, we'll be a feeling fine;
We'll be the gayest of the gay and be it all the time.
We'll buy a wheel apiece, good wife, and go out for a ride,
And spin along the avenues and down by the river side.

They are just the thing for ladies, if they wear divided skirts,
And the girl that rides the pretty wheel often with her lover flirts.
The women folks look scary, but they cannot stop the show
Of neat propelling feet and limbs as lovers come and go.

It's get there Eli in the rush and join them in the whirl;
I'll act young again, you know, and you just like a girl;
And you, good wife, must get some curls raised on the
heads of others,

And be a belle and cut a swell exactly like your brothers.

So we started out next morning long before the break
of day,

And left the old log cabin for the city bright and gay.
I had on my brand new suit, my whiskers trimmed
aright—

It seemed I was dressed up so fine it almost hurt my
sight.

I do declare upon my word my wife was dressed most
frightful,

Yet she was tickled through and through, she thought
it just delightful;

She was a blaze of splendor, no need you have to doubt;
Her dress was loud enough to call the fire department
out.

She was a star of beauty as you often read in story—
Just like a host of other stars but differing some in
glory.

In satin, sash and ribbons my wife was nearly hid;
Much like the morning glory vine that hides the katy-did.

With a pink belt ribbon round her waist she just lit up
the sky,

And peaked headed like, you know, she danced a little
high.

Her dress was rather low in neck, but very rich and rare;
Upon my word I couldn't dance—could only stand and
stare.

I thought her trim and neat enough for almost any
preacher.

And I was bound to fall in line if I had to hire a teacher.

So I got up a full dress suit to gratify my passion,
And got a low-necked, bald-faced shirt to be up with
the fashion.

I shaved my old side-whiskers off, because they were
unhandy,
And on my chin I gew a bunch of whiskers coarse and
sandy;
My old shirt sleeves I then cut off ten inches more or
less,
And at the ball that evening I entered in full dress.

We danced all night in great delight and swift the hours
flew,
And through excitement of the night the morning quickly
drew;
But my old wife just took the cake, for she was pert
and spry,
And none of the younger ones could swing or even
dance as high.

We enjoyed ourselves so much that night we had to
sleep next day,
But soon we blossomed out again as flowers do in May;
But then we soon grew tired of this and longed again
to roam
Along the old white picket fence around our cabin home.

We left our dear old cabin home because life was so
slow,
And went to the horrid city and started in for show.
Now we are willing to go back and never more to roam,
Leave the fashions and the follies for the city folk at
home.

The Horrors of a Prison Cell.

Well, Pard, old boy, cold cruel fate
Doth often seem unkind,
And more severe to those who leave
Their loved ones far behind.
A term of years in prison garb
Means anguish and despair,
For pain and sorrow, strong and fierce,
Is sure to meet you there.

Gaunt Terror meets you at the door
With all its hellish glare;
The iron door with bars of steel
Will deal you out your share.
'Tis here you feel the galling pain
Of sorrow's bitter tear;
'Tis here the time is slow and long—
Each day seems like a year.

Man's inhumanity to man
Is here most clearly shown,
And here the prisoner in his stripes
Must reap what he has sown.
The mills of all the Gods grind on
With a slow and sad lament,
Until they grind your measured share,
And then they seem content.

You cannot see the ones you love—
You can but see the wrong;
While you can see and that quite well,
The wall is high and strong.
You see a convict in his stripes,
A picture of your fate;
For prison cells can only bear
The fruit of shame and hate.

I know, Old Pard, and that quite well,
And you do know the same,
That every stone in this Corral
Is branded well with shame.
See that old stone box, the prison cell,
Is barred with iron and steel,
To hide the prisoner from the world,
To smother all he feels.

It's here you may forgotten be
By wife and children kind,
Though in your dreams you visit them,
The ones you left behind.
It's here you may forgotten be
By brother and by friend,
Unless the golden cords of love
Will draw them to that end.

Man's rule of cruelty to man
Has caused him long to mourn;
It's drove him to a prison cell,
For which he was not born.
And here within the prison pen
His life is marred and blurred,
'Midst squeaking doors and clanking chains,
He must not say a word.

I know, old Pard, that you dislike
To breathe the prison air;
It seems that whether good or bad
You get the buzzard share.
Here hearts grow hard and passions rage,
That witness prison shame,
And dark will be the blot on one
Who bears a convict's name.

They come to this great school of crime
From Bethsheba and from Dan;
They represent with one accord
Man's cruelty to man.

Some are here whose time is life,
And some whose time is short,
And some outside are on the road
To reach the same resort.

In vain may you expect reform
Where teachers slap and shove;
You cannot change the cruel heart
But with the words of love.
There's nothing here to help a man
Should he wish to reform;
Hate and revenge both mark the road
That leads to sad forlorn.

No good can come to cruel hearts
That hard with evil pant,
But like a child when whipped at school
Will only rave and rant.
It takes the tender words of love
To thaw the ice-cold heart,
To drive from it revengeful fire
And make the hate depart.

I truly sympathize with those
Whose home's a prison pen
For I have seen the prison chain
That binds the prison men.
Pride, hate and envy is the chain
That long shall hold them fast,
Unless the love of Jesus Christ
Shall find a place at last.

I point you now to Jesus Christ,
The Lamb for sinners slain;
Who once a visit made to earth
And soon will come again.
Oh! come to this great glorious King
And let him change your heart;

He'll walk with you and live with you
And from you will not depart.

We met in prison stripes, old Pard,
I knew you were my friend,
And may we still continue so
Until our term shall end.
And when you leave this prison pen
I shall often think of you,
For I have a large place in my heart
For one so good and true.

But here we have to stay, old Pard,
Till freedom swings her gate,
For we are convicts still, you know,
Resigned unto our fate.
And if we ask for anything
We are sure to be refused,
For convicts only wear the stripes
And the guards they wear the shoes.

And this I know full well, old Pard,
That fearful passions burn,
That grow and flourish every day
And causes no concern.
The school of crime here flourish well,
Each one tries to betray;
Oh! what a long great roll of crime
For that great Judgment Day.

Swing open now, ye mighty gate,
And set this prisoner free;
You've done so much for him today,
Soon do the same for me.
And when we meet outside, old Pard,
Along the path of fame,
I'll reach to you my hand again—
I know you'll be the same.

Just to Be a Rancher's Wife.

When the rosebud greets the lily
And the lily greets the dew,
And the sunshine and the shadow
Have the shine a-woven through,
And your heart is kind and tender,
Beating free and full of life,
There's a happy consolation
Just to be a rancher's wife.

But when the days are cloudy
And the rain begins to pour,
And the frosty stars to glitter
And the winter wind to roar,
And the fearful cold has reached you,
Keen cutting as a knife,
There is little consolation
Just to be a rancher's wife.

When Johnny eats green apples
And you're forty miles from town,
No matter what the hurry is
The doctor can't be found.
When the baby gets the colic,
And a-screaming for its life,
Oh, how awfully disgusting
To be a rancher's wife.

When the wife is worn and weary
With four kids on her knees,
And the bed bugs are a-fighting
In the kitchen with the fleas,
It is then you surely sicken
With exasperating strife,
And you feel it is disgusting
To be a rancher's wife.

When the milk is strong with garlic
And the butter it is too,
And the taste has got the flavor
And has got it through and through;
Now your appetite has left you
And you're almost sick of life,
You know it's aggravating
To be a rancher's wife.

When Tutie has the measles,
And Katie has the mumps,
And the old dog Watch is threatened
With a fearful case of thrumps;
When green apple Johnny's crying
'Cause he's got the stomach ache,
And his mother wet and chilly
'Cause she fell into the lake.

When the chickens they won't cackle,
And the roosters they won't crow,
And the snow is still a-falling
In a way that isn't slow,
Don't you know that you can't cut it
With that rusty-bladed knife,
For your little strength has vanished
Working as a rancher's wife.

But when everything is lovely
And the goose is flying high,
And a thousand little blessings
Along your pathway lie;
When the children are a romping
And crowing full of life,
It is perfectly delightful
To be a rancher's wife.

Far From My Happy Home. (Song.)

I've wandered far from thee, dear wife,
 Far from my happy home;
I've left the land that gave me birth
 In other climes to roam.
But time since then has rolled its years
 And marked them on my brow,
Yet I do often think of thee,
 I'm thinking of thee now.

I'm thinking of the day, dear wife,
 When you stood by my side,
And watched the dawning of my youth
 And kissed me in your pride.
Your girlhood love was then lit up
 With hopes of future joy,
Which your bright fancy wove for you
 To deck your husband boy.

I'm far away from thee, dear wife,
 No friends are near me now,
To guide me with a tender hand
 Or ease my troubled brow.
The follies of this wicked world
 Have left their marks on me,
And wandering on enchanted ground
 Find none to love like thee.

I'm lonely and forsaken now,
 Unpitied and unblest,
Yet still I would not have you know
 How sorely I'm distressed.
I know you love me yet, dear wife,
 And will not give me blame;
Come soothe me with your loving words
 And bid me hope again.

But I would have you know, dear wife,
That brightest hopes decay;
The tempter with his baleful cup
Has dashed them all away.
While shame has left its venom sting
To rack with anguish wild,
Yet still I think of thee, dear wife,
Of mother, home and child.

You knew, dear wife, that I was born
With passions wild and strong,
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.
But as often as I go, dear wife,
In error's pleasing track,
There comes a soft and gentle voice
That always calls me back.

Our youthful days are gone, dear wife,
We've felt their many cares,
But always found some loving hearts
Some wheat among the tares.
Dear wife, could you but feel my pain
While penning these few lines,
The depth of feeling in your heart
Would change to grow more kind.

Oft in the dreams of night, dear wife,
Your cherished face I see,
Amid the old familiar scenes
Where once we used to be.
And as oft as I look back, dear wife,
Along the waste of years,
My heart fills up with sudden pain,
My eyes fill up with tears.

Yet still I look to thee, dear wife.
No other can I know,
To help me o'er life's thorny path
Where wintry winds do blow.

I've seen yon sultry summer sun
For many times return,
And every time it proves to me
There's many hearts that yearn.

We wandered o'er the world, dear wife,
On nature's trackless path,
We've romped with children in their play,
And joined them in their laugh.
We've helped them pluck the little flowers
That deck the early spring,
And walked with them in twilight hours
While mocking birds would sing.

But now the sun of time, dear wife,
Shines on the western hills,
We soon shall hear the sunset gun
And death's demand fulfill.
Then may our souls in silent peace
Resign life's joyless day,
Our troubled hearts their throbbing cease,
Cold mouldering in the clay.

Quite rough has been the road, dear wife,
Since last I saw your face,
But what a joyful thought, dear one,
My journey to retrace.
The God of love may guide us yet—
Long years before we part—
When peace and righteousness have kissed
To bind the broken heart.

It is with tender love, dear wife,
These lines to you I send,
And as you read and ponder them
Esteem them more than friend.
Beneath life's evening setting sun
I dedicate this page,
To thee, thou lover of my youth,
And my delight in age.

It's very hard to write, dear wife,
When the wings of hope are clipped;
How hard it's been to drink the dregs
That my own lips have sipped.
But, farewell, dear wife, be good, old girl;
May the world to you be kind,
And send one hopeful, cheerful word
To the one you left behind.

To the Cranky Freight Agent.

Alturas, Cal., 1911.

I thank you for your photograph,
Which seems to be quite good—
The very image of yourself
When you before me stood
And spoke insulting cranky words
That could but leave their sting,
A recompense of no reward
To prophet, priest or king.
But why send me your photograph?
Why should you make the show?
Why not send it to the round-house
Of the little N. C. O.?

Now, it surely is amusing,
I am willing to admit,
To have a one-horse railroad
And a crank a-running it;
And to have a bonehead agent
Stand up and call you down,
Because you asked about the rates
To some measley little town.

It sets a person thinking
What a person ought to do
To such a cranky agent
When he gets in such a stew.

Three cheers for the stage line,
And a nickel for the show,
That little one-horse railroad
They call the N. C. O.
They fire up the little engine
And then she steams away,
To get stuck in a little snowdrift,
And there she has to stay.
So they drag out Mr. Holigan
From the little drift of snow,
And wheel him to the round-house
Of the little N. C. O.

Now, good-bye, Mr. Agent,
To forgive you sure I'll try,
But it takes a quart of vinegar
To catch one little fly.
But if you have done caught him,
Pray don't you let him go,
But send him to the round-house
Of the little N. C. O.
I have met some cranky agents,
But none to serve me so,
As the cranky little agent
Of the little N. C. O.

Farewell to My Saddle and Rope.

I will now quit the range of the cattle
To ride through the garden of love,
For Jesus to me has just whispered
Of a wonderful mansion above.
So farewell to the wild pitching broncho,
Farewell to my saddle and rope,
For I've heard of a range that is better
And my heart is filled with its hope.

Farewell to the merry old roundup,
Where all the wild punchers would meet
With angoras, sombreros and stetsons
And bright shining spurs on their feet.
Farewell to the barbed wire fences,
Farewell to the cattle within,
Farewell to all my companions,
Who feed on the ranges of sin.

I am tired of seeing good riders
Ride close to the whirlpool of hell,
When I'm trying so hard to turn them
Back home to the old corral.
Farewell to the old chuck wagon,
Farewell to the boss and his soap,
For I've heard of a range that is better
And my heart is filled with its hope.

Farewell to her grassy old rangeland,
With her water so cold and so clear;
Farewell to her rocky-ribbed mountains,
Where her peaks so majestically rear.
Farewell to her flower-decked gardens
That fills with a joy and a hope,
Where a cowboy has room too, and plenty,
To gracefully circle his rope.

Farewell to her dreary old badlands,
 Farewell to her mountains and hills,
 Farewell to her lakes and her marshes,
 Farewell to her rivers and rills.
 Farewell to her sage and her cactus,
 Farewell to all this wide scope,
 For I've heard of a range that is better
 And my heart is filled with hope.

Farewell to the old bucking cayuse,
 Who's as onery as ginger and snuff,
 Who is springy and twisty and nervy,
 And knows how to deal you the stuff.
 Yes, farewell, Mr. Outlaw, I quit you,
 Here I pull off my saddle and rope,
 For I've heard of a range that is better
 And my heart is filled with its hope.

I am tired of the western roundups
 We have on the ranges of sin,
 Through the storm, the blizzard and sunshine,
 Cold, hungry and wet to the skin.
 So I'll now quit the range of the cattle
 To ride in the garden of love;
 It's as dear to my soul as the circling blue
 That arches the world above.

Farewell to the wild western outlaw,
 Who always goes crooked and high;
 No use for side-stepping and twisting,
 And it's little I care for your shy.
 So I'll pull off my saddle and blanket,
 Throw down my six-shooter and rope,
 For I've heard of a range that is better
 And my heart is filled with its hope.

Farewell, all you wild, jolly punchers,
 Who circle around the big herd;

I hold up to you a great Saviour,
And point you to God and His Word.
And you, boys, who are out hunting mavericks,
You had better turn round and go back,
For I've seen across the sad valley
Where sorrow has made her big track.

So I warn you, my gay, jolly fellows,
As I give you my last parting hand,
To turn from the trail of the maverick
And put on the upper range brand.
Get your soul well filled at the fountain
And your feet with Salvation well shod,
And be a bright light at the roundup
As you ride on God's green grassy sod.

Farewell to the wilds of Montana,
Farewell to the gem of the West,
For I guess I'm in time with her motion,
And her charms have set deep in my breast.
But farewell to her plains and her mountains
And farewell to my saddle and rope,
For I've heard of a range that is better
And my heart is filled with its hope.

Farewell to her clear brimming rivers,
And her valleys where the punchers would stand
Encircled around the wild critters
To locate and read every brand.
But I'm through with the saddle and blanket,
And through with six-shooter and rope,
For I've heard of a range that is better
And my heart is filled with its hope.

So I leave you, brave fellows, God bless you,
Remember the words I have spoke,
And turn from your sins to your Saviour—
Come quickly, step under the yoke.

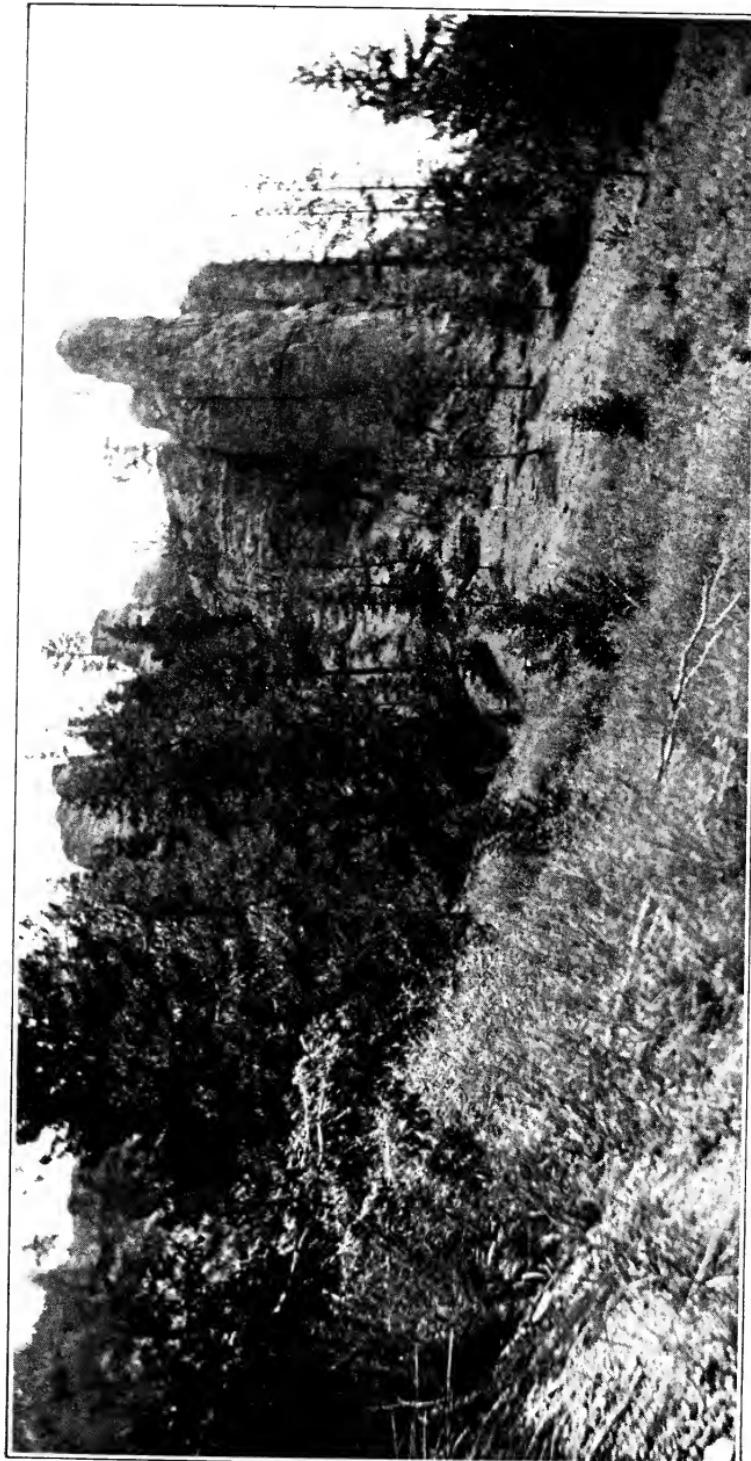
For I now quit the range of the cattle
 To ride in the garden of love,
For God in His Word has just spoken
 Of a wonderful mansion above.

Come now, heed the words of the Saviour,
 Come ride in the pasture of love,
Come with me to a range that is better
 And a mansion prepared up above.
So farewell to all the cow-punchers,
 Here I pull off my saddle and rope,
And throw off my trusty six-shooter
 As I drift to this land of my hope.

The Morning Glory Hills.

Is a name applied by me to the Upper Stillwater country from the Red Bridge to its source. Here you can see the grandest of all scenery, the most inviting and the most inspiring. Here you can see battlements and domes and thrones decorated with nature's beautiful garments. Around them twines a mantle of leaves of many colors—tawny and brown, silvery and golden, the blue and the grey—all are here. Here you can see the rain and the rainbow, the flowers in their bloom, and the frost king in his frozen form; the mountains in all their vastness and their greatness.

There's a thousand gems of beauty
 In this land we call our own,
So just chum awhile with nature—
 Take a trip and be alone.



Rock House on Bridge.

Go up the far-famed Yellowstone,
Or the Stillwater valley stream,
And you'll feel that you are treading
Where the mountain crystals gleam;
When a beauty from the mountains
Over all the landscape spills,
And the sun shines in her splendor
On the Morning Glory hills.

Yes, a thousand gems of beauty
Lie sparkling by your side,
When the autumn leaves are falling
In their crimson colors dyed.
Here you'll see the brilliant rainbow
Gleaming out above the storm,
And the frosty king of winter
Sitting in his frozen form;
And here a mystic beauty
Over all the landscape spills,
When the sun shines in her splendor
On the Morning Glory hills.

From the rough and rugged mountains
Now a golden chain is spun,
To the highest peaks that glisten
From the bright uprising sun.
And, Oh! those mighty mountains,
With their faces glowing bright,
And their foreheads turned to heaven
And their lock so snowy white.
Here they stand serene, majestic,
When the sun begins to spill
Her rosy blushing blushes
On the Morning Glory Hills.

Take a trip to old Montana,
And see the sweep and swing;
Where the people are true as metal,
And the metal has the ring;

Where the stars at night are glistening
From the dome of heaven's blue;
Where you can chum with nature
And take her medicine, too.
Where you can see the suurise
Get ready just to spill,
Her rosy blushing blushes
On the Morning Glory hills.

Go up the far-famed Yellowstone—
A wonderland you'll find;
And up the Stillwater valley
Is another not far behind.
Here you can trace by the light of day
The freaks of a Master hand,
And you can see by the starlit sky
He still is in command—
When a splash of mystic beauty
Over all the landscape spills,
And the sun shines in her splendor
On the Morning Glory hills.

To the Public.

I wish to say that I have three quite large books ready for publication: "Rhymes From the Rangeland Under the Sunny Blue Skies of the Western Plains, Mountains and Foothills," etc.; "Away Out West Behind the Bars, Or the Shadows of the Great Stone Corral at Deer Lodge, Mont." (in two volumes), each one complete in itself.

I tried to find a publisher in the West who worked on a royalty basis, but could find none, so I concluded to get out a small, cheap edition, without many illustrations, until I could do better.

You will notice that I have been up against the real thing. I was sent to the penitentiary for five years, charged with killing a steer.

During that time my wife got a divorce from me, gathered up the stuff and, like the Prodigal Son, went into a far country. I have never seen her since I have been released from prison or any of the children. I traveled through Idaho, Utah, Nevada, California and Oregon, with the hope of finding her and being with her, but to no avail. I did not succeed, so I returned again to Montana. But somewhere toward the sun-kissed hills of the Pacific slope roams the wife that I loved so well.

I hope to get my other books out as soon as I can, and trust you may read them and be benefited by them. In them I have told you what prison life is as I found it at Deer Lodge, Mont., within that great stone corral. I tell you of the divorce evil and what it did to me; how I hate the cruel monster, etc. You will find these books interesting and instructive from start to finish. In prose and poetry.

Yours very sincerely,

THE AUTHOR.

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